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FEBRUARY 10, 1964

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## Next week

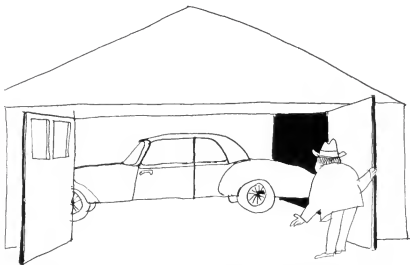
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AN UNHAPPY BUS DRIVER: William MacDonald, guest up to become a multimillionaire who invests his energies in light promotion, baseball teams, racetracks, yachting and golf.

AUSSIE DAWN FRASER remains the best girl swimmer in the world at 26, an age when all of her contemporaries have long since retired. Whitney Tower tells how she does it.



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# SCORECARD

## HOCKEY UPROAR

Canadian hockey fans saw one of the most intriguing half hours ever on Dominion-wide television last week. On the program *Question Mark* three men—Toronto's Columnist Scott Young and ex-National Hockey League Referee Red Storey and Dale McArthur—unloaded on the NHL and League President Clarence Campbell.

Young used to be a fixture on NHL broadcasts until he wrote that the 1962 million-dollar deal for Frank Mahovlich was a hoax. Then, Young said, he was out for keeps, an example of how the NHL might silence anyone who might "upset the apple cart." Storey said he resigned because Campbell publicly humiliated him, and McArthur said he got few assignments after being slapped by Montreal Coach Toe Blake. All three made their statements bluntly and without passion, but what gave the program extra spice was the charges the two refs made. McArthur said he was once told not to call close infractions on the New York Rangers in a game with the Boston Bruins because league officials wanted the Rangers to win, and victory meant a playoff berth.

A few years ago, Storey recalled, referees were told to take it easy against visiting teams playing the Canadiens, then the league powerhouse. "You gave the edge to the visitors," Storey said.

League President Campbell at once denied that any refereeing had been rigged. "Storey is a liar," he said. "There has never been a case of anyone attempting to influence the outcome of a game. I will defend the integrity and reputation of the NHL and myself against anyone." Campbell has accepted an invitation to appear on *Question Mark* this week and will deliver "a strong rebuttal."

## HYPNOSIS IN HOUSTON

Entertainer Arthur Ellen is a well-known hypnotist. Last week Guy Lewis, the coach of the University of Houston basketball team, asked Ellen to cast a spell on seven of his players. Houston, scheduled to play Texas A&M, had lost a pre-

vious game to the Aggies, and Coach Lewis wanted his men to win this one.

Before the game Ellen met the players. Forward Don Scherak, bothered by a cast on a finger, went into a trance. Ellen told him to forget it. Forward Richard Apolakis was jittery. Ellen told him to relax. Jim Jones feared the Aggie center, two inches taller. When Jones came to, he felt "10 feet tall."

Great. Houston was ready, and, by gosh, Houston won 73-65. Was victory due to Ellen's efforts? Not quite. Houston won chiefly because of the play of Chet Oliver and Jack Margenthaler, neither of whom had been hypnotized.

## OUT FOR BLOOD

Publicity hokum aside, the Liston-Clay fight is becoming a grudge match. Liston is infuriated by Clay's jibes about his prison record, among other things, and Sonny is determined to demolish Clay as fast as he can. Told that another one-round knockout could kill future gates, Liston said, "Even if it was the ruin of boxing and even if I couldn't be champion anymore, I wouldn't let him last a second longer than I possibly could."

## TV AGAIN

The cries of surprise over the National Football League's \$28.2 million contract with CBS had scarcely died down last week when pro football and TV made more amazing news: NBC and the young American Football League signed a \$36 million contract. The contract, which is to go into effect in 1965 unless ABC drops its option for this fall, is for five years. The NFL-CBS deal is for two. The mathematics of this latest contract are complicated, but it averages out to about \$800,000 a year for each AFL team. At least three of the eight teams are in the red, but all should wind up solidly in the black. Then, as AFL Assistant Commissioner Milt Woodward notes, "The contract ought to help our gate, too. It adds stature and prestige. And, of course, our recruiting program will be enhanced." Finally, the AFL is almost certain to add two new teams by

1968, if not sooner. The NBC contract encourages expansion: \$2 million of the \$36 is for new teams only.

Besides heating up the already hot war between the two leagues, the contract also pits NBC against CBS in a head-to-head battle. Carl Lindemann Jr., NBC vice-president for sports, says his network will have an edge because CBS will have to black out more cities. (The NFL has 14 teams.) If CBS schedules doubleheaders, NBC undoubtedly will follow suit.

Let us pray that pro football does not suffer from overexposure.

## HOW TO GULL A GULL

Like the gooney birds of Midway and other bird species elsewhere around the world, the gulls of Victoria, B.C. airport are an annoyance, even a danger, to aviators, some of whom have hit an occasional bird. Though there have been no mishaps at Victoria, airport authorities have been concerned. Since mid-October they have been trying a new approach to pest extermination, and it seems to be working. They have called into play the ancient sport of falconry.

Frank Beebe, illustrator and technician for the provincial government museum and a falconer to boot, trained



three Peale falcons, largest of the peregrine breed, to attack gulls, which are not their natural prey. He also trained Falconer Brian Davies, and twice a day Davies takes the birds to the airport and flies them. They have reduced the gull menace to such an extent that some days the falcons cannot find a gull. Often the gulls stay away for a week or longer.

The falcon technique is to pounce on

continued



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a gull, fly it into the ground, then sink its beak into the gull's neck. About 30% of these attacks result in kills, but wholesale slaughter, as Beebe predicted, has not been necessary. Gulls are social birds, so to speak, and a flock reacts as one to danger.

Ten nations have joined in a seminar to tackle the airport-bird problem on an international scale. Quite possibly their answer may be found in Victoria.

#### SHORTSIGHTED

This is baseball contract signing time, and what promises to be the most interesting argument of the season started in Chicago last week. In one corner was Jim Brosnan, the writer and relief pitcher; on the other, Ed Short, general manager of the White Sox.

A few weeks ago Short sent Brosnan a contract. Brosnan objected to a clause forbidding him to write for publication and returned the contract unsigned. Short countered by telling Brosnan he was free to deal himself to another club for a player or cash, subject to White Sox approval. Brosnan called this ridiculous trading players is Short's job, not his. As of now, Brosnan plans to hold out until Short lifts the no-writing ban. "Why should I give up writing, a means of making a living, to satisfy a whim on his part?" says Brosnan. "I'm going to go ahead and write and publish where I can. I don't want to make it a legal question, but I may have to."

Bully for Brosnan. Even if Brosnan's writings were "controversial," baseball could not help but prosper. The game needs color. There are far too many dullards already.

#### RULE OUT THE REFS

To many basketball fans, referees are a necessary nuisance. To John Egl, the Penn State coach, they are worse. They are a nuisance period. At the NCAA coaches' meeting this year Egl plans to offer a simple suggestion: get rid of the officials. "We don't need any," he says seriously. In fact, Egl adds, basketball might be better off if the coaches were banished to the stands during a game.

"Officiating and the coaches' antagonistic attitude toward officials is the biggest problem in our game," Egl says. "I've refereed, and I can't see everything that happens, and neither can the coaches. Players are always in a position to see, though, and they could call foul-

*continued*



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### SCORECARD

themselves. In a democracy the greatest thing we have to offer the individual is the chance to guide and discipline himself. I feel strongly about this. When I was a kid we never had any trouble when we ran our own games. Whenever there was supervision, like on a playground, we almost always went home disgruntled about the officiating. Sure the idea is revolutionary, but so was the atom bomb."

### SAVE THE CINDERS

Ireland's first cinder track, where Herb Elliott set a world mile record in 1958, is in danger of foreclosure. Construction of the track, on the road to Dublin airport, was inspired by Bernard P. McDonough, chairman of the board of the O. Ames Company, in Parkersburg, W. Va., the largest shovel factory in the world. McDonough contributed \$1,000 after he read about the homecoming celebration of Olympic champion Ron Delany (SI, Jan. 21, 1957).

The land is leased by the Clonliffe Harriers, who owe £18,000 on their loan to build the track and stadium. Now creditors are demanding their money. "Don't we all want our wages at the end of the week?" asks Billy Morton Harrier treasurer and leading promoter of Irish amateur athletics.

With Dublin booming, the creditors could get a nice price for the land, right near the site of a new Hilton hotel. To forestall the creditors, Billy and the Harriers raised £1,000 last week. They promise to raise the rest after Lent with a big dinner in Dublin along with an appeal to friends of Ireland in the U.S. "The bulldozers will be in if we don't find the money," says Billy, but there is a fighting touch to his voice.

### GUMMED UP

A special hearing is being held in New York on charges by the Federal Trade Commission that Topps Chewing Gum, Inc. has a monopoly on baseball trading cards.

FTC guardsmen have discovered that Topps has been signing hundreds of minor league players to exclusive long-term contracts at \$5 each. Then, when one of them reaches the majors, he is paid \$125 a year under a five-season contract that forbids him to deal with another gum or candy manufacturer, even for a future period.

With more than 400 major league players signed, Topps controls the card-



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and-gum business so completely that a competing company was reduced to selling cards with cookies. Even then the company, Frank H. Fleer Corporation, had troubles. The cookie sugar content had to be kept low enough not to infringe on Topps's right to use confections with baseball cards. In fact, the Fleer cookies had so little sugar that a Topps salesman said they tasted "like dog biscuits."

Even worse, according to the FTC, Topps forced wholesalers to buy another of its products by threatening to cut off supply of the extremely popular baseball cards. Topps has been rebutting such accusations for seven weeks, and the case is just beginning. Already, 3,300 pages of testimony have been taken. Much of it wrestles with rather esoteric questions. What, for instance, is the proper legal definition of bubble gum when a proficient tyke can blow a bubble with any kind of gum? Evidence also poses problems. When the FTC produced a set of Topps cards, it turned out three cards were missing. Small boys will derive satisfaction from the revelation that not even the U.S. Government can get a complete set.

#### TOO MANY TWINS

Gulfstream Park, one of the four Thoroughbred tracks in Florida, has followed the lead of Tropical Park by announcing that the twin double will be part of its spring program. Hialeah, the aristocrat of Florida racing, and Sunshine Park, the rural cousin, are the only holdouts.

In the twin double, a better may collect as much as \$79,000 for \$2 by stabling at four designated races and winning them all. Hialeah officials are opposed to the twin because it is a get-rich-quick scheme that does not help the sport of racing. Hialeah is right.

James Donn Jr., the president of Gulfstream, fell all over himself in trying to rationalize the twin. Among other things, he claimed that at his track pay-offs could soar above \$150,000 for \$2 because the twin double pool will be bigger if not better. This is so much folderl. The sport of racing will benefit more from better horses running longer distances than it will from bigger lotteries for an amazed minority.

#### THEY SAID IT

● Ara Parseghian, new football coach of Notre Dame's Fighting Irish. "I'm thinking of changing my first name to Erin."

ENP

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**PORSCHE**

# RUSSIAN BLADES AND FAST FRENCH SKIS

by DAN JENKINS

*The opening ceremonies at Innsbruck were hardly over before two ice-hard realties began to emerge. The Russian skaters, particularly a blonde bullet named Lidia Skoblikova, were overpowering, and not even Austria's Egon Zimmermann or Jean Saubert of the U.S. could diminish the brilliance of the inspired Alpine racers from France*

Whether the events of the IX Winter Olympics were unfolding on the precious beds of snow that lay among the parched brown mountains around Innsbruck or across the bridge from the old gray city in a gleaming ice stadium, two things were overwhelmingly apparent after the first week of the spectacle: the French can ski at least as well as the superb Austrians, even on handmade Alpine courses, and the Russians can skate better than anybody.

Soon after the huge goblet that burns as the traditional Olympic flame was lit on top of the Bergisel Stadium last Wednesday (right) the Russians began their unending celebrations around the ice arenas. First the Russian hockey team destroyed the U.S., 5-1, in a game that reminded Americans of the U.S. victory at Squaw Valley in 1960 only inasmuch as both sides still had six players and sticks. In quick succession, the Russians then knocked over Czechoslovakia, yawned, beat Switzerland, yawned, and seemed headed for a certain gold-medal showdown this Saturday with the resurgent Canadian team.

In the same ice stadium came an upset in the pairs figure skating by Russia's Ludmilla and Oleg Protopopov, who, after years of frustration in European and world championships, finally outdid Germany's favored Marika Kalus, she the luscious blonde, and Hans-Jürgen Baumlér, he the dark, handsome young man. And then Lidia Skoblikova

got busy. Her modest project was to become the first winter-sports athlete ever to wear four gold medals all dangling around her neck at once. Each was for speed skating. You name the distance—500, 1,000, 1,500 or 3,000 meters—and Lidia skated it.

While the Russian delegation delighted in the early triumphs of Ludmilla and Oleg and Lidia and their highly skilled hockey players, the attention of the rest of Innsbruck and its overflowing tourists turned toward the more glamorous Alpine skiing events. That's where the French were. And in each of the first four races it was rather difficult to miss them, or for the disillusioned Austrians to forget them.

After six days at Innsbruck, the Olympic box score for French Alpine Coach Honoré Bonnet, who had been suspected of a somewhat permissive training program that allowed his racers some rowdy luxuries, was far more impressive than the confident Austrians had ever imagined it might be. A couple of sisters, Christine and Marcelle Gotschel, finished one-two in the ladies' slalom, beating America's Jean Saubert, and then repeated—in reverse order—in the giant slalom two days later. François Bonlieu astonished even his own countrymen by winning the giant slalom. And Léo Lacroix ran the dangerous downhill course so beautifully that Austria's heavily favored Egon Zimmermann (see

*continued*

*Opening the Games. A huge torch atop Bergisel Stadium flames high against rugged Alpine backdrop as throngs and spectators mass below*

JOEY COON







cover) was pushed to the greatest race of his career to win it by a mere .74 second. The struggling American team was left far behind.

The scene of Egon's triumph, on Patscherkofel above Igls, abounded with all of the normal dangers of any downhill so far as pure speed was concerned but was even more hazardous than most because of a labyrinth of technical difficulties: 15 major turns, most of them blind ones, with a hundred subtle but vicious humps and surprising shadows, the whole thing falling away to the racer's right on all but a few turns into an unbroken barrier of trees and bare rocks.

In practice one racer, Australia's 19-year-old Ross Milne, crashed and was killed. Three others were seriously injured, and minor scars were countless. The gaudy, sport-worshipping European press promptly labeled the run "The Course of Fear."

It was to this unsettling slope that American Alpine Coach Bob Beattie brought a team that he insisted was not only the best in U.S. history but equal to the best in Europe. Beattie had fought long and hard to get good seedings for his racers, and he had been successful. In a three-hour filibuster only three days before the downhill, Beattie had argued 20-year-old Billy Kidd into the first 16, there to join America's one established star, Buddy Werner.

"We've got our shot," said Beattie. "We'd rather have a good shot and lose than lose with an alibi."

On the day of the race more than 40,000 spectators climbed the narrow road to Igls. Many climbed the trees lining the course from bottom to top. Others trickled out of the woods or jammed together at the finish.

Three forerunners swept down the Patscherkofel. Then came Billy Kidd, who finished his run in a stunning two minutes 21.82 seconds to break the old course record by more than one second. For this one moment the U.S. seemed to have won its first men's Alpine medal ever. But then came a so-so Italian, only a second off Kidd's time, and it was obvious what was to follow.

One by one, the succeeding racers finished faster, shoving Kidd down the list. The seventh man, the favorite, was Egon Zimmermann. Crouched very low, arms thrust out and down, hands almost brushing the snow, he booted beneath the finish-line banner and into the arms of a thousand countrymen. His time: a surpassing 2:18.16, bringing the Games' most prestigious gold medal to Egon and continuing prosperity to the Austrian ski community.

Wedged between dozens of cameramen, police, officials and bouquet-tossing admirers, Egon smiled handsomely yet calmly beneath his blue helmet and said, "This at last was a run like it ought to be, a perfect run."

The Americans won no medals. Ni Orst, the 19-year-old Californian, placed 14th, giving promise that he might develop one day into a champion downhiller. Kidd was 16th, finishing in the top seed, where he had at least proved that he belonged. Buddy Werner, looking a bit stiff on his run, was 17th, and Chuck Ferries, the U.S. slalom champion, was 20th.

"We've got a way to go," said Beattie, and no one could honestly deny that. "But the important thing is they

know we're here. We proved we deserved to be seeded."

The one with the least distance to go, the nearest one to Egon Zimmermann and a warning of French ski power on the ascent, was Lacroix, a pleasant extrovert whose idea of humor is to help carry a Volkswagen into the lobby of a hotel. He did so at a pre-Innsbruck training spot in Italy. But laughing Leo Lacroix was not laughing at all after the downhill. "The gold medal is the only one," he said. "I was ready to win and I expected to win. But I lost my strength. I made too many mistakes at the top, and then I let the bumps take me out."

On Saturday everyone moved from Igls to another mountain village known as Lienz, where the U.S. Alpine forces hoped to erase the memories of the men's downhill. There, Jean Saubert, the wholesome Oregon State coed, was expected to win the women's special slalom. Instead the Goitschel sisters won two more Alpine ski medals for France, a gold and a silver. Jean Saubert had to ski a great race her second time down the mountain to get the bronze.

In the first of her two runs Jean Saubert was too cautious and thus too slow. The result was that Christine and Marielle—the latter Jean's steadfast competitor in pre-Olympic races—beat her by more than a full second. The American girl was, disappointingly, in sixth place at this point.

She was her brilliant self in the second run on an even more difficult course. But the Goitschels were not to be shaken. Christine skied elegantly yet strongly to win, with Marielle second.

Said Jean, "I should have been faster on the first part of the first run, but it was a little touchy up there and I guess I was afraid of making a mistake. I felt fast from the middle on, and all through the last run. I'm happy with the bronze medal. But I'd feel a lot better if I'd won." At least the U.S. finally had a medal to talk about.

The Goitschels, a down-to-earth, strong-language pair, felt just fire. After a swift, happy, weeping, sisterly hug at the finish, they were lifted to the shoulders of French journalists and carried to the Sporthotel Olympia, where they momentarily disappeared, to re-emerge, waving from a hotel balcony.

Of the two Goitschel sisters, both of whom quit school at 14 to ski and work in their parents' 10-room Pension Helioh at Val d'Isère, Christine is by far the quieter, a fact demonstrated anew at the medal-giving ceremony. As 19-year-old Christine stood calmly on the winner's dais, Marielle jumped up beside her, pointing and shouting, "C'est ma sœur!" What everyone thought Marielle inwardly felt—and not without some reason—is that she should have been receiving the gold medal.

In all pre-Olympic races except one in Germany, where the three finished exactly as they did at Innsbruck, Marielle, like Jean Saubert, had been more accomplished than Christine. As racers, Marielle and Jean are closer than the sisters in style. They attack a course with an obstinate, bullish kind of determination, furiously sideswiping the gateposts and, in Marielle's case, cursing those that side-swipe back. Christine, however, is more of the elegant racer in the French tradition. Her skis remain parallel as she

*continued*

JAMES BRADY

*Flashing around a turn, Russia's fabulous Lidia Skoblikova pumps her arms to the skis to 500-meter victory and first of four gold medals.*



France's Christine (left) and Marielle Gotschel slalom win



America's Jean Saubert grins after capturing slalom bronze medal



glides rather than slashes through the gates. If Christine has something in her favor to counteract the speed of her sister and Jean Saubert, it is an acrobatic ability to recover more quickly from a bad turn or any slight loss of control. It was this ability that made the difference in the Olympic slalom.

Meanwhile, one Frenchman, who unquestioningly spoke for 50 million, sent a telegram making it plain that no matter who won what now or later, the nation had taken the Gotschel girls to its bosom. "I wish you to know, *mesdemoiselles*," said the message, "that the whole people are very proud of your victory. I address to you my warm congratulations." And whose congratulations were those? Charles de Gaulle's.

Two days later Le Grand Charles had even more reason to enthuse, for on Monday the Gotschel girls won two more medals, including the gold, in the giant slalom. But while Marielle came in first, Jean Saubert was getting closer. Her time of 1:53.11 earned the U.S. girl a tie with Christine for second place, just .87 back of Marielle, and gave Saubert a silver medal to go with her bronze. She had been her nation's biggest and best hope at Innsbruck, and she was coming through.

"Now, I would like a gold," she said. "Christi Haas will obviously be the favorite in the downhill, and the Gotschels will be hard to beat, but I like to think that I can win. I know one thing, I'll go all out."

The giant slalom was run over an old-fashioned wide-open course that had but two really tight curves. Christine and Jean came down ahead of Marielle and their times were much better than those of anyone else; in their different ways—Christine stylishly smooth, Jean butting down more gateposts—each made the run in flawless fashion. But waiting at the finish for Marielle Gotschel to come down, and wearing ABC-TV headphones to catch the French girl's interval time, Jean Saubert appeared as relaxed and untriumphant as if she had just made a practice run.

"I didn't think I had done anything," she explained later, "because no one was cheering when I finished. I was going pretty good, I think, but at one gate, about two-thirds down, I took it the right way but too wide."

Then Jean heard Marielle's interval time—31.7 compared to her own 31.9—and suddenly Marielle came into view through the last gates. "She has it," said Saubert calmly. "We'll just have to try again."

The mob that surrounded Marielle at the finish line was less surprised at another Gotschel victory than at something the younger sister said then. In French, strained through a wad of chewing gum, the playful Marielle said: "Tonight I announce my engagement to Jean-Claude Killy." As it turned out this was a mysterious private joke that greatly amused French downhiller Killy and the other members of Bonnet's team.

Then the Gotschels, still running one-two in a manner, bolted from the throng, romped up a mountain and through the woods adjacent to the giant slalom course, disappearing over a rise with all waves of delicious Frenchmen in pursuit.

The Gotschels, despite their brilliance, had no corner on collecting gold medals for France. In between their two victories François Bonlieu, a pensive 26-year-old mountain

guide from Chamonix, pulled one of the games' great upsets in the men's giant slalom. Bonlieu has long been a ski racer of considerable talent but the slalom, rather than the longer races, has always been more suited to his quickness and style. On Sunday, however, Bonlieu defeated a powerful array of Austrian favorites on a highly difficult course, one aimed straight at the Sporthotel Olympia from nearly a mile up. It was very steep, with bumps that obscured a racer's view of the 75 red and blue gates. It had, at one point, a straight drop into blurring sunshine, and the turns were sharp. One hour before the race Bonlieu calmly put on his skis and traversed across from a chair lift to the start. He walked briefly down the course, then walked back. "There is ice down below," he said, "and there are ugly bumps."

Austria's Peppi Stuegler, who had drawn the No. 1 position, made the first bid for the home country. His time was 1:48.05, and it was destined to win him a bronze medal. Bonlieu followed smoothly in 1:46.71, but no one then realized how good that would be. With so many great racers behind him, and only one Austrian beaten, Bonlieu actually seemed demoralized. "I made two mistakes," he said. "At the top of the course I took one gate too far and another one backwards."

That may have been the way to do it. For in those next moments Bonlieu's run looked increasingly unapproachable. Suddenly, when Egon Zimmermann hooked an edge and fell after posting the fastest of all interval times, the French shouts began to be heard. (At the downhill, three days before, Zimmermann had said he feared Bonlieu's skill.) Only Karl Schranz, the last Austrian, who was coming 15th, had a real chance to beat Bonlieu, and everyone knew it. Schranz came slashing through the gates, trailed by the whoops of the Austrians who had crawled up the course and been aghast to see Zimmermann fall. But Schranz was one edge too slow. His 1:47.09 won only the silver medal.

For the U.S. it was a troubled event all the way. First of all, Billy Kidd was ill with bronchitis and bedridden for two days before the race. But Billy was determined to race, especially after Bob Beattie once again had bullied three Americans—Jimmy Heuga (sixth), Kidd (eighth) and Buddy Werner (10th) into the top seed. When the unofficial results were posted, the U.S. performance seemed worthy of the few scattered cheers its racers had received. Heuga was fifth, Kidd was eighth, Billy Marolt was 13th and Werner, despite a fall, was 14th.

But down at the friendly hot chocolate stand near the finish line, the Americans knew better.

"I missed a gate," said Heuga. "I came over a blind hump and just went by it." Heuga was disqualified.

Werner brooded. "Just tried to go too fast, that's all. I went right through a panel. Then I didn't care and fell. I knew it wouldn't count." And Werner was disqualified, too.

This left Kidd in seventh place, a fairly heroic performance for a racer with a fever. Surprising Billy Marolt moved up to 12th.

If De Gaulle was delighted at what was happening in Luzern, Khrushchev must have felt like turning the Kremlin over to Lidia Skoblikova. The perky 24-year-old blonde was the dominant member of Russia's awesome brigade of skaters—and, for that matter, of the entire 1964 Winter



Elegant Christina Gutschal, up on edges, leans into slalom gate.



Powerful Jean Seibert poles hard through tight slalom turn.



Rugged Marcel Gutschal takes lower line through same gate.



Olympics. Four years ago at Squaw Valley, Lidia won gold medals in both the 1,500-meter and 3,000-meter speed-skating events. This time, at Innsbruck, there was only one race that Lidia Skoblikova was not supposed to win, and this primarily because she was not expected to enter. That was the 500-meter sprint, the first women's race. But Skoblikova showed up for the 500 and no one else had a chance.

The Olympic record for the 500 meters was 45.9 at 11 a.m., but by 11:01 it was broken. The first racer, Russia's Inna Egorova, swung around the oval in 45.4. Another Russian, Tatyana Sadirova, a fetching, fine-boned blonde, then followed with a 45.5. These times were to gleam on top of the big IBM scoreboard only as long as Lidia waited to skate. When she did skate, there was no question in the minds of all who sat in the stands or stood around the edge of the course and who could read the timing device that this marvelous Russian athlete was going to win. With each fluid motion Lidia's time was faster than her teammates and she finished in 45.0.

Afterward, surrounded by celebrating Russians, each of whom was already certain that Lidia would now take four gold medals, she wept and insisted that she did not want to be greedy. But her husband, back home in Chelyabinsk, had wired: "Win just as many gold medals as you can."

For the sake of Lidia's competition, her husband might have been compassionate. All she could win turned out to be all that were available. The next day she won the 1,500 meters, breaking her own Olympic record set in 1960, and the day after that she took the 1,000 meters. That, by all logic, should have been the limit. Only one other woman had ever won three Winter Olympic golds: Sonja Henie, and she had taken a single medal in three successive Games. No one at all, man or woman, had ever won four. But then no one has ever been quite like Lidia.

The night before the 3,000 meters she slept well and arrived at the stadium fashionably late, pink-checked and smiling, almost as if she were a spectator. With her boots quickly laced, she went directly to warm up. Along the sidelines Russian coaches and officials, obviously more nervous than Lidia, huddled and complained mutely that the ice seemed soft. Under Olympic rules, the skaters go off in timed pairs and the seventh heat was Lidia's turn.

At the rate of two steps per second she sped in pursuit of the fourth gold medal. Along the rim of the course were the Russian coaches, still nervous. They shouted such instructions as, "Take it easy. . . . Don't hurry your steps. . . . Keep going." Lidia did, and drove home in 5:14.9. It was not a record but it was more than respectable on the softening ice, and except for a highly surprising performance by a tiny North Korean named Pil Hwa Han, who equaled Lidia's clockings for 4½ laps, there was no more drama.

In the end, the drama had all existed within Lidia herself. "My mid-race time was not as fast as I had hoped," she said. "My morale fell when they called it to me. Then I speeded up and they called to me to slow down for fear I would fall."

When someone asked if she would have room for the four medals, Lidia spoke through her disarming, infectious

smile. "Well," she said, "I've already been able to find room for 62 medals, so I don't suppose I'll have trouble with four more."

In the earlier pairs figure skating, the triumphant Russians seized their medal by accomplishing a small revolution. Heretofore athletic skill had been the hallmark of pairs figure skating—the vigorous lifts and spins characteristic of longtime European champions Mariika Kiltus and Hans-Jürgen Bäumler of Germany. They were the favorites; they were athletic; and they were placed second.

Oleg Protopopov, whose name is like a sputtering Model T engine and whose sloping forehead and small eyes give him a slightly sinister look, and blonde, pixyish Ludmilla flowed over the ice like liquid. They flicked and spun and slid by one another in nearly faultless balletlike patterns.

Groused Kiltus and Bäumler afterward: "We say skating should be a sport and not a ballet." But Oleg and Ludmilla could not be put down. They were happy to have the Germans around. "To win an Olympic event without competition," said the proud Oleg, "would be like gazing into a sky with no stars." If Olympic medals were awarded for speeches, he might have won another right there.

Only a few Americans seem to care very much what happens in the Nordic events, but the citizens of northern Europe care very much. And by taking three big, beautiful gold medals the citizens of tiny Finland became the happiest in all northern Europe. They had just about as much to crow over, to their way of thinking, as mighty Russia and populous France. The cheerful Finnish border guard, Eero Mantiyanta, won both the 15- and 30-kilometer ski runs. And his teammate, Veikko Kankkonen, produced one of the Games' great upsets when, magnificently, on the last of his three cracks at the 70-meter ski jump, when he knew he had to be nearly perfect to beat favored Toralf Engan of Norway, he was just that and won.

The 70-meter jump, like all the Nordic events except for the big 80-meter jump on closing day in the Bergisel Stadium, was held 10 miles to the northwest of Innsbruck in the tiny village of Seefeld. Seefeld is an authentic Tyrolean outpost with golden-haired children who toddle along the streets like windup toys; the streets are bordered with beer parlors as yet unconquered by the music of teen-age America that has overrun the rest of the Innsbruck area. Into Seefeld on Friday came Engan, the favorite, and Kankkonen, his challenger, and from the first they were the class of the field. When they jumped their bodies carved flat arcs against the gray sky, rushing toward the point of impact far below with the graceful purpose of well-aimed javelins.

After his three scheduled jumps Engan's victory seemed assured. He was already being interviewed by journalists when Kankkonen started down the inrun for the last time, No. 53 among 53 jumpers. Then he launched into space, legs straight, arms clasped to his sides, head extended over the tips of his parallel skis. For 79 meters he soared, nearly 260 feet, to land gracefully in the classic pose. At once the spectators knew that Kankkonen, not Engan, had won. And Finland had joined Russia and France as a homeland for Olympic heroes.

CONTINUED

*Finland's Veikko Kankkonen soars in the beautiful slush jump that striped an almost certain 70-meter victory from Norway's Toralf Engan.*







## TWO PROPER BRITISHERS IN A BOB

*To the amazement of all, including families and friends, the remarkable team of Antony Nash and T. Robin Dixon flew down the icy chute at Igls to beat the great Italian sleds and win England's third gold medal in 40 years*

When you mention bobsleigh in England," said a London sporting man one day last week in Innsbruck, "most of us think you're talking about a character out of Dickens. It is not, as you may suppose, a subject of national significance." The man spoke too soon. Overnight two British bobsledders whipped the famed Italian drivers Eugenio Monti and Sergio Zardini and won an Olympic gold medal—the third for Britain since the Winter Olympics began in 1924. The two men who did the trick may someday wind up

as statues in Hyde Park—with one statue wearing wire-mesh saucuplan scourers on his boots.

Two more proper British heroes one could not imagine. The brakeman with the long, wavy pompadour cuts perhaps the more dashing figure. His name is Captain the Hon. T. Robin Dixon, and, at 28, he is a parachutist with the Grenadier Guards. Robin is the son and heir of Lord Glenmoran of Belfast, Northern Ireland's Minister in the Senate. He wears the wire scourers under the toes of his soccer boots

*Leaping into their sled after a short, violent push-off run, Driver Nash (right) and Brakeman Dixon head down the mile-long tunnel of ice toward an Olympic gold medal and immortality.*



for traction during the bobsled push-off. "I buy them by the dozen," he says, "and get a penny off that way."

Robin went to London, naturally, and married the niece of Commander Richard Colville, press secretary to Her Majesty the Queen.

Anthony J. D. Nash, the driver who peered through contact lenses while negotiating the hurtling, mile-long sled chute at Igls, is 27 years old, balding and a bachelor. He was raised in Little Missenden, Buckinghamshire, where he manufactures light machinery. "He is the sort of man, don't you know," says an acquaintance, "one might visualize at home with pipe in mouth, spasm on lap and Isaac Walton rather than a Fleming in his hands." Nash and Dixon came to Innsbruck in high spirits but low hopes. Monti had won the world two-man title six times, and the Britons were not a bit fooled by the unremarkable times he set during practice runs.

The bobsled race was run in four heats spread over Fri-

day and Saturday. The British, amazingly, finished second behind Canada in the first heat while Monti was an unbelievable fifth. Thanks to Monti's sportsmanship in strapping a bolt from his sled to replace one that had sheered off theirs, Nash and Dixon made a superb second run and found themselves in first place for the day. Monti was third behind Zardine.

Well, people were beginning to think, maybe the British did have a chance after all. But when, on the final run, they took the wicked S turn called the Witches' Kettle too high, Nash and Dixon went off disconsolate to the nearest cafe to stiffen their upper lips.

It was from there they had to be summoned to watch Monti's desperately fast but not quite good enough finish.

Robin Dixon's wife, on hand in Innsbruck, said it for all the world when she was offered congratulations by a game and smiling Eugenio Monti. She spread her hands helplessly. "I cannot say I am sorry, and yet."

CONTINUED





## REGAL SPLendor ON THE SIDELINES

*The only color missing from the IX Olympic Winter Games was the blue-white blaze of snow. The people involved had never been more fancifully arrayed. Striding into Bergisel Stadium for the opening ceremonies, the Russians*

*were czaristic in golden sealskin coats, while the Argentines, in eye-catching ponchos, were gaudy as a delegation to a folklore congress. But for sheer opulence it was the spectators' show, as these fur-clad aristocrats demonstrate.*

JOHN COOKE



Exulting in reward coin and babushka Queen Farah Diba of Iran was the most opulent spectator at the opening ceremonies. Beside her, the Pahlavi Shah was quietly tailored in a wool coat cut like a pea jacket. Next day they both switched to stretch pants for skiing.

Dazzling in matchless baritone shearing coat (vinlage 1919) and enormous furry mittens, Mrs. Garbani Porsche attended Games with her husband, son of the German auto manufacturer Ferry Porsche. Young Porsche sported a lofty Austrian balacava and sheepskin coat.





## WALLY'S CUE: 'SIDNEY! SIDNEY!'

With Quarterback Wally Jones shouting secret signals to bewilder the opposition, and a magnificent defense of its own, Villanova has become the best basketball team in the East

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

**T**he Villanova basketball team is not very big. West Chester State, for example, is bigger, and so is your favorite YMCA team. Villanova is not a strong team. It does not have blinding speed or exceptional shooting. It does score points occasionally, though its star player, Wally Jones, is reluctant to score at all. What Villanova is, nevertheless, is the best basketball team in the East, because what it does is play defense—which is

what you are supposed to do when you do not have the ball. Compared with gushing up 100 points a game, however, defense is dull diversion and few teams have their heart in it.

Villanova is a punstaking exception. It does not defeat opponents, it pesters them to death. It upsets their timing, their composure, their passing and their stomachs. It robs them blind. Its nimble thoroughness is inspirational—in the

Xavier game, inspired sophomore Bill Melchionni stole six Xavier passes and a cowbell from a front-row Xavier fan he happened past during the heat of play. Villanova fans, meanwhile, are completely won over. They now get excited when the *other* team has the ball.

The man who accomplished the winning-over by being, not incidentally, a big winner, is Coach Jack Kraft. He says it is all very logical: "The rule book



Setting up a play against American University, Jones (24) dribbles past teammate Rickie Moore, prepares to throw one of his deceptive passes and yells code words he devised himself.

Kraft calls his defense the "ball defense." It is more insidious than most of the zone defenses that have become popular, because the guard on the ball-handler stays with him even when he leaves the guard's zone, and it is more successful because Kraft's players are magnificent scramblers. An opponent who drives to the basket against Villanova always winds up accompanied and tormented by two—or three or four—defenders. It is safer to put your head in an electric fan than to drive on Villanova. The ball-hawking guards, Team Captain Jones, George (Honeybear) Leftwich and Melchione, the swing man, appear to have four hands apiece.

So as not to be put down as stereotyped, Kraft started a man-to-man defense against Minnesota in the finals of the Holiday Festival tournament in New York in December. Confused, Minnesota called time. When play was resumed, Villanova was back in the ball defense. Minnesota soon called time again. In short order Villanova had a 13-point lead, and went on to win 77-73. Against American University last week Kraft again started with a man-to-man ("there are scouts in the stands, and we don't need to help them any"). But the Villanova man-to-man is not always too adhesive and American U. trailed by only 36-34 at half time. Back to the ball defense. Within five minutes of the second half, American had lost the ball on forced passes or outright thefts five times, used up two time-outs and was 15 points behind. Villanova fans, hep to the change, cheered the return of the big defense ("give 'em the Big D! the Big D!") for three minutes straight.

Villanova fans are hard-pressed to get enough of the Wildcats. They jam the tiny Villanova field house—3,200 capacity—and when the Wildcats play in the Philadelphia Palestra they easily outdraw the four city schools—Penn, St. Joseph's, La Salle and Temple. Sports writers on the *Villanovan*, the school weekly, are similarly hard-pressed to maintain their objectivity. One recently wrote how St. Francis' "inept gladiators" were "quaking in the face of the Wildcat defense." He went on to say that

the "round" referee of that game was also quite blind. Villanovans have become sensitive to their team's national ranking—UCLA and Michigan do not scare them any, and they shout, "We're No. 1!" whenever and wherever they go beyond the Villanova city limits. "They're right," says Kraft, who is less sensitive. "They're the No. 1 fans in the nation."

The rapport among team and town and school has never been greater. Priests (it is a Roman Catholic school) work out with the team. A basketball club has been formed, with special membership cards signed by Coach Kraft. Reserve Center Sam Iorio is on speaking terms with all 197 nursing students, the only girls on campus. Wally Jones was voted Villanovan of the Year—over the senior class president and the vice-president of the student council. Coach Kraft's daughter, June, 3, announced that the man she is going to marry is Center Bernie Schaffer, and also picked out team-member husbands for sisters Cheryl, 13, and Janice, 12. June waits outside the dressing room after each game and uses any available excuse to strike up a conversation ("See my new shoes?"), "Bernie," says June, "is magnificent."

It has become gauche at Villanova not to wear a Wally Jones beret to the games. Jones started wearing a beret last year, the team followed suit and now one enterprising student has a cut-rate beret onlet in his dormitory room. The team bought Kraft one in Buffalo this year, and he agreed to wear it, against his own good taste, as soon as the Wildcats played a good game. A few days later they beat Toledo and since then have won 12 straight. "People say I'm crazy," says Kraft, his beret cocked rakishly to one side, "but if you think I'm taking it off, you're crazy."

Kraft, 42, had never even applied for a college job until the Villanova opening in 1961. "I didn't think I'd care much for college recruiting, and I knew I didn't care for getting up in public to make a speech," he says. The only change he made in 14 years was to move from Bishop Neumann High to Malvern Prep in 1959 so he could be closer to supper at quating time. He applied for the Vil-

continued

shows that every time you score, the other fellow gets the ball, right? That means he has the ball 50% of the game, right? So you have to stop him from scoring—or score every time you get the ball, which is impossible." Kraft says, furthermore, that it is easier to win by 41-40 than 91-90, that you are "less likely to have a bad defensive game than a bad offensive one." He pointed to a score in a Philadelphia paper: Detroit 114, Notre Dame 104. "If I scored 104 and lost," he said, "I'd take the gas pape."

Kraft's Villanova teams have won 56 of 74 games in his two seasons-plus and are 16-1 this year. Last week they defeated American University 84-49, then held the nation's highest scoring team, Detroit, to 70 points—27 below Detroit's average—in winning 79-70.

lanova job more or less as an afterthought and was as surprised as anybody else when he got it. His first Villanova team won 12 straight before it lost, and for one home game the school sold 2,000 tickets over capacity (reserved seating has been in effect ever since). "This college coaching is a breeze," he told his wife. "I should have tried it long ago." His teams went to the NCAA tournament in 1962 and to the semifinals of the NIT last year.

Kraft has gray-green eyes, a gray crew cut and a smashed-in nose, the result of a basketball pass he took his eyes off years ago. He now talks well in public, with the aid of clichés, and if he tends to overstate and overdirect in the manner of a high school teacher it is understandable. His popularity is undeniable and so is his ability. He believes in his system—in defense—and when the offense runs away with itself (as it did in scoring 113 points against St. Francis of Pennsylvania to set a Palestra record) he says it is accidental.

This is Kraft's best team, because it has, for the first time, bench strength. He can play eight men. None of them, however, could be called an outstanding big man. Junior Jimmy Washington has made rapid improvement: he had played only one year in high school and is a fine jumper with excellent timing (he blocked 16 shots against Xavier), but at 6 feet 7 he is better suited for forward. Sophomore Richie Moore, 6 feet 4, is tough and is a capable scorer. Leftwich works well with Jones, as does the sixth man, Melchionni, who is probably the best pure shot on the team. They attack with uniformity: Jones got 21 points, Leftwich 20 and Moore 18 against Detroit. Melchionni came off the bench to score 22 on Xavier and 23 on Dayton. Wally Jones calls him "Cyclops," because Jones explains, "that boy's got an eye." Melchionni is blond and frail and looks always on the verge of a cry. He is mothered by his teammates. He was late for the bus in Buffalo and Kraft asked Center Al Sallee, a big ex-Marine, where

Billy was. "Golly, Coach," Sallee replied. "I didn't know it was my turn to mind him."

The team pride is Wally Jones. Kraft says Jones is "the greatest backcourt player I have ever seen," and Publicist Ken Magler says Jones is the trial of his life because "he's too unselfish to believe I tell him, 'Wally, you've got to shoot more, 20 or more a game, so you can be an All-American.' You know what he shoots on the average? About 15. He'd rather pass off to somebody who can't shoot as well."

Jones scored 31 points—16 above his average—against Minnesota in the Holiday Festival and was named most valuable player. The next week against St. Francis of Brooklyn he took only six shots the entire game. "They didn't need me," he explained in his very soft voice. "Wally toys with the opposition. I honestly believe that," says Coach Kraft. "He looks at the clock and the scoreboard and then he decides if he needs to score. One New York writer asked me what Wally Jones does for me. I told him, 'He makes me a winner, that's what he does.'"

Jones, like his former teammate from Philadelphia's Overbrook High, Walt Hazzard of UCLA, is very much the stylist. He wheels through groves of bigger men (he is 6 feet 2, 185 pounds), faking, making phantom passes and calling out secret signals like "Mary, Mary" and "Sidney! Sidney!" Kraft has to stop him now and then to catch up on the code. "So I can sound intelligent when people ask me what the heck 'Sidney, Sidney,' means." When Jones shoots he seems almost to come apart. He gives it wrist, shoulder, elbow, kneecap, appetizer, salad and a final Bernsteinian sweep of his skinny arm.

Last year Jones played all 29 Villanova games with an injured knee. When the knee was operated on this summer the surgeon said it must have hurt him every minute he played. Jones never complained.

Villanova's only loss this year was at Niagara, when Jones fouled out after playing 16 minutes. Since then he has been more careful. He is a senior now and he wants to go places. Last week he received a letter from buddy Walt Hazzard. "I'll see you in Kansas City," Hazzard wrote. Kansas City is where the NCAA championship will be played in March.

END



The Wally Jones part is how the fashion for members of Villanova's cheering section





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In the old days the stock car tracks, except at Darlington, S.C., were dirt. Stock car racers were presumed to be all bangers and certainly were all poor. They were said to run whiskey and they drank a lot of it, and they would drive all night to pull up at a starting line and go.

"Oh, in those days," a journalist recalls, "the dirt from one racetrack would pile on top of dirt from another racetrack—those boys would run anywhere they could get a track and a little money, and they didn't much care about the money. What was Fireball Roberts like back then? As far as his personality goes, you could say he didn't have time to develop one, so busy dragging that car from one place to another. Didn't have time to change his shirt and tie, badly, until he started making money."

Edward Glenn (Fireball) Roberts still hardly has time to change his shirt and tie, but he has the money and a new kind of hurry. "For instance," Fireball said not long ago in the living room of his house in Daytona Beach, Fla., "I've got to be in Worcester, Mass. on Thursday, and I just got home last night. Then today the next day—no, I beg your pardon, that's on Saturday—and Monday I have to be in Detroit, but of course that isn't far. One tape I did for a commercial was so hurried you couldn't believe it. I was running a tire test in Darlington, and I flew my plane from there to Atlanta, got on a jet and went to L.A., did the commercial, got on a jet back to Atlanta, into my plane and came home."

The difference between Glenn Roberts' old and new rush is the measure of the change in stock car racing (the racing of manufacturers' stock models). Only in the last five years has the sport evolved from a fairly private mania afflicting a few drivers to a considerable business. It is this leap in stock car interest that has made automobile racing third in popularity among American spectator sports. In 1959 the International Speedway went up in Daytona, at a cost of more than \$3 million. It now seats 45,000. It was followed by the tracks at Charlotte, N.C., and Atlanta, and dozens more are on the drawing boards. Sound businessmen are regarding racing as a sound investment and pouring in a lot of sound mon-

*continued*

## A COOL FIREBALL NAMED ROBERTS

Edward Glenn (Fireball) Roberts, steadiest of the big-time stock car racers, straddles the sport from its dirt-track beginning to its richly remunerative present **by BARBARA HEILMAN**



ey. And the erstwhile gritty chargers of Hillsboro, N.C. and the Atlantic Rural Fairgrounds in Richmond, N.C. are peering out from behind this new prosperity to find themselves respectable.

"The money has affected all of us," Fireball said. "It has generally upgraded everything—even the people you associate with—are higher, socially. Of course, we all started from the bottom, so we didn't have any place else to go."

The current Captain Billy Whiz-Bang of stock car racing is 29-year-old Freddy Lorenzen of Elmhurst, Ill. The first man to make more than \$100,000 in one year of racing, Lorenzen really began to race at the start of the boom. But Fireball's career spans it, from before the beginning to the present: he was 1963's second money winner, with some \$65,000.

Fireball Roberts is 33 years old, stands 6 feet 2 and weighs 195 pounds. He has a face that is roundish and unprepossessing until you have known him for three seconds. His crew-cut hair does not stand straight up, it sticks straight out, and he smokes too much. Fireball got his name as a high school fast-ball pitcher, "though I guess the racing made it stick," he observed. Born in Tavares, Fla. and raised in Apopka ("just north of Orlando," he says before you ask), he arrived in Daytona Beach when he was 16. "There was an established driver here at that time named Marshall Teague—he's dead now. [Teague was killed on the Daytona track in 1959.] He helped me a lot, and so did other mechanics around town. I ran my first race when I was 18, in a modified stock car, about the only thing in stock cars running then. I had to get a release from my parents. I never did talk my dad into it, but my mother signed."

While NASCAR is getting the 1963 records sorted out it is difficult to say just which ones Roberts holds. The hook for 1962 starts out almost helplessly, "A record for breaking records was set by Glenn 'Fireball' Roberts during the 1962 racing season. . . ." He set six major track records in 1962, "an achievement," the NASCAR book goes on, "that perhaps will go unmatched for years." Even at the Charlotte Motor Speedway, the only track where he has never won, Fireball entered the 600 in 1963 holding more Charlotte track records than all the other drivers combined.

"I've been racing so long," Fireball said, "that for instance at Darlington

alone I've set some 400 records. Of course, they've been broken and rebroken." And so they have, but often enough by Fireball. Racing records are intricate; there are records for fastest laps, fastest qualifying times, fastest average time; there are pole-position records and total-earnings records and also old-fashioned records for coming in first.

Fireball himself cannot say which of his are most important. "Maybe the most interesting is that I think I'm the only man who has twice held, simultaneously, all four qualifying records in the four major tracks. These are some of the trophies," he added, indicating a sort of solid-metal den. Auto racing trophies must be among the largest made. "That one," he said, pointing to a columned, templelike object, "was so big they sent it to me all in parts, in a box, and I had to put it together."

"There are a couple, two or three things that I'm very proud of," he went on, back in the living room and out of the glare of the silver. "One is that in 1958 I was voted the outstanding professional athlete by the Florida sports writers, the first time any race driver ever was. And in 1962 I was the Hickok professional athlete of the month—for February—and I won over two real athletes, Arnold Palmer and Wilt Chamberlain."

When Fireball first started racing he was going to the University of Florida, intending to become a mechanical engineer. He stayed for 3½ years. "But then I wanted to race, and I just dropped out. I started racing for a living in 1950. Until 1956, for six years, my education in racing was in modified stock cars. In 1956 I started racing on the Grand National Circuit, and that was the first year Detroit really got interested. I drove Pontiacs for four years, from 1959 through 1962. In 1956 and '57 I had driven for Holman-Moody—probably the best stock car builders in the country. I knew their reputation, and the car—Ford had a real good product that year. You've got to go with the car you think is going to get the job done." Fireball is now back with Holman-Moody, driving their '64 Ford, a car which, indisputably, can get the job done.

A serious contender on the Grand National Circuit now cannot drive as an independent; the cars, the mechanics, the crews, the transportation all cost too

much. Today Fireball and Fred Lorenzen both drive for Holman-Moody. "I make money on the commercials," Fireball says, "and we do some endorsing and speaking at Rotary Clubs, chambers of commerce, things like that. I'm not very good at it, to tell you the truth, but I enjoy it."

"I keep in pretty good shape. I lift weights and work out when I can, about three times a week, though it's hard when I'm on the road. Race driving is a lot harder on you physically than people realize. For one thing, it's extremely hot inside the car. It's about 115, 120 degrees, and to just sit there for five hours is hard on you, to say nothing of the nervous tension. And the high banks—the down pressure and the centrifugal side pressure—those helmets weigh only about 18 ounces, but after five hours it feels like 40 pounds."

There are other things. Automobile racing being one of those activities that involve the coordination of many fac-



tors, there is no real way to practice for 500- and 600-mile races, which cost thousands of dollars to set up. Consequently, a man drives 500 or 600 miles perhaps four times a year, always in an important race. It can be argued that the 600 is more and not less of a strain on a driver than the 1,000 miles of the Mille Miglia, and that the five and a half hours it takes to run the 600 is as hard on him as the 24 hours of Le Mans. The Mille Miglia course allows some self-sparings and a Le Mans requires them, but 600 miles is short enough to demand total effort over the whole route and long enough to chew a driver up. A decisive factor is endurance, at a peak operating level, after practices of perhaps no more than 10 laps at any one time in the week before.

On the day, they strap the driver into the car and he is *in* there. He is in there for four or five hours, not coming out unless he is wrecked and it is too late for changes. Some small factor, not noticeable over 10 laps—a seat not set

quite right, a roll bar set too close—will become unendurable over 600 miles. Fireball came out of one race with a bloody hip “from something or other in my pocket.” Also, when a driver has not driven 600 miles in months his hands blister under calluses, if the blisters break and the calluses go with them, he runs the rest of the race bleeding all over the steering wheel. “And when your forearm muscles go,” Fireball says, “you just have to hook your thumb around a wheel spoke.”

“I’ve done some sports car racing,” Fireball says. “I drove in Le Mans in 1962. I liked it. It was very different, particularly the nighttime part of it. We raced at 170 mph with just the headlights—you could only really see far enough ahead of you to react up to speeds of about 70. You had to just talk to yourself and say, ‘Well, there isn’t anything out there.’ I finished sixth overall. You have a co-driver, none was Bob Grossman. We were battling for

second place right up until 22 hours, when we had some mechanical trouble and had to make a pit stop. I didn’t really fit into a Ferrari,” he added. “I never quite seemed to have enough leg room in there.”

“I’ve never had any desire to be a sports car racer. Stock car racing has been my whole life, and it’s grown in popularity and prestige. And the machines aren’t that much different. A stock car is a racing machine, just with a stock car body on it. It goes as fast and it corners as well. The only difference is stock cars weigh more and so don’t stop as well. I couldn’t say whether stock car men are mechanically more familiar with their machines, I don’t know enough about sports car men.”

“One big difference with a stock car driver—a lot of the fans will root for a certain make of car, rather than be a fan of the driver. It’s really putting down a man’s individual effort. But I think this is the basis for the sport’s popularity.”

—JAMES H. GIL



HEMMED IN BY PANE AND MECHANICS AFTER GRAND NATIONAL IN RIVERSIDE, CALIF., A WEARY ROBERTS LOOSENS HIS SEAT BELT.

People identify with what they drive to the supermarket in."

If Fireball is entirely right about this, —that spectators will appreciate a man's risking his life when he is risking it in a Ford and not particularly when he is risking it in a Pontiac—the U.S. is a nation of fetishists. Fetishists or not, a lot of Americans do drive and so do share in the exhilaration of seeing the family car take off at 140 mph. More than 32 million of them swarmed over stock car tracks last year.

It is a belief of those who have never seen an automobile race that the excitement of a Mille Miglia or Charlotte 600 or Le Mans is essentially morbid, that all those people out there are the same people who stand under office building windows and scream at a would-be suicide to jump and who turn out to get in the way of the ambulance at air disasters. They are wrong.

You can see a car come out of the pits for the first time and blankly think, "My God!" The feeling is one of shock, a lot of it probably due, as Fireball says, to seeing the old family car moving at that speed.

In spite of the speed, a stock car does not look deadly, as some of the sports cars do. It is too familiar, and the reinforced, padded steel nest which the mechanics have made of the inside is efficient and simple good sense. The National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing has made Grand National racing probably as safe as is possible—but, even so, Joe Weatherly, NASCAR point champion for the past two years, died on the Riverside, Calif. track last month when he apparently lost control on a curve.

Stock car racing is still one of the sports that go beyond the plain matching of skills to that far point where a man is laying his life on the line, and when the cars move out, you know it. They always tell you that a racing car "roars" or "growls." It doesn't. The sound of a single car is a stuttering blast, and the start of a field of 40 is not heard at all. You can only feel it, and it shakes your heart out. The excitement of the start is a sudden, sharp and fierce delight in courage. Stock car drivers do not have death wishes, they have an energetic desire to get out there and drive every other man off the track and make a lot of money and stay alive so they can raise hell. A very lively and pig-

headed courage, in no way morbid, and what it does is bring you to your feet purely rejoicing.

A race is odd to watch. If you do not really "hear" the noise because it beats too loudly and is physically felt, similarly the danger is not "seen" but is also felt. A race looks very orderly. For the most part, the cars go round and round and, in traffic, relate to each other with a skillful prudence. But the sense of the force under control is almost a weight on your chest. As you know what would happen if The Scrambler at a carnival came apart, you know what would happen if that race down there on the track came apart. The carnival machinery snaps around with a considerable centrifugal and up and down force; the sensation is giddy and fun because it is predicated on not too much force and on the fact that all those nuts and bolts are guaranteed to hold. A stock car driver isn't guaranteed a thing. A blown tire, a patch of oil and that gaudy metallic constellation explodes and whistles him into the retaining wall.

If it does, a driver's skill and the padded cage he is strapped into constitute the margin he's got, and the chances that they will be enough to keep him alive are pretty good.

**O**n the other hand, the chances that skill and equipment will help a driver to get on and win the race are pretty poor. The element of chance and the possibility that anything can happen may add an edge to racing, but when something does happen it is galling that ability and courage can be betrayed by a bolt or by a knothole in the pits.

There is a popular theory that races are won or lost in the pits, a theory popular, that is to say, with drivers, tire salesmen and automobile manufacturers' representatives, but less so with pit crews. Pit crews do not go around saying, "Races are won or lost in the pits." "My job is keeping him alive," answered Jack Sullivan, Fireball's mechanic, when asked what he did. Fireball is interested in this, but he is also interested in how long keeping him alive is going to take. He would prefer to be kept alive in 20 seconds rather than 45. "You knock yourself out out there to gain two seconds a lap," Fireball says. "It may not sound like much, but over a couple of hundred laps it adds up. And then you lose two min-

utes in the pits." There is no question that some pit crews are faster than others and that their speed can make the difference. Discussion of the matter between drivers and crews will go on forever, though once the race is over everybody will go back to conducting it with five- and six-letter words.

It has been said that good drivers admit they are afraid, and the best drivers admit they have been very afraid. "The best way that I can explain it," Fireball says, "is that—that when I'm driving in a race and the machine is working properly, it's like anybody driving a regular car down the highway—fast. This is while everything is going as expected. Then, no matter what the speed is, I'm not afraid. But when something goes wrong a race driver is just as scared as when a guy comes through a stop sign on him. I've had the hell scared out of me. But the difference is, a driver snaps back. When something unexpected happens it does scare you," he repeated. "And racing is a series of the unexpected. Dying—you think about it, if I were to generalize, I'd say we all know we could be killed tomorrow, and we live hard. I don't think as a breed we're any different from other athletes. I think most of us are very proud men, and proud of our kind of racing. In the past we've had to take a back seat to the Indy-type cars and the sports cars, and in the type of money you made. But this has changed radically in the last four or five years.

"Another thing about stock car racing—I've been in it for 15 years, and it's clean. I've driven in a lot of races with teams, as many as seven cars, and I've never been told, 'Today you win,' or, 'Today Smith wins.' And I guess racing is too risky even for gamblers—mechanically, too difficult to cinch it. I've been in about 800 races, and I've never been approached but once. A man offered me \$500 if I came in second. The prize money was \$200. I had him thrown out by the deputy sheriff. I am so proud of racing—it just hurt me so bad that he'd even ask me."

Fireball's black poodle crawled along the back of the davenport and seemed to be trying to be down against his head. "Her name's Jolie—French for 'pretty,'" Fireball said. "You old hound!" He grabbed her. "Poodles are people dogs. They don't smell and they don't shed. Now, the Labrador stays outside. I do mostly duck hunting. We have a real

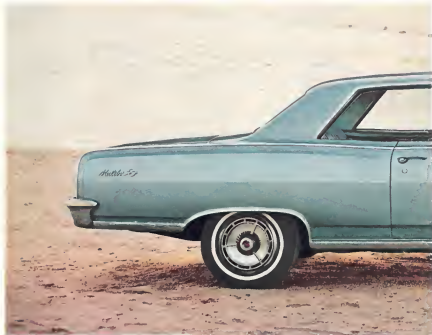
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great duck-hunting place right around Cape Kennedy. Of course, I imagine its days are numbered."

Fireball's wife Doris and his leggy 12-year-old, Pamela Jane, came into the living room. Doris drives a car well—Fireball pays her the great compliment of not winning when she is at the wheel—and she is learning to fly, but does not hunt. "I went once," she said, "but never again. A duck fell on my head."

"Pammie, plug that in," Fireball said, pointing to a track with two model cars on the floor. "Now here's a tame way to race. This steering wheel controls it," he explained, and he and Pammie raced the models around the track. "I've lapped you four times, Dad," she observed. "I'm hung up, Pammie." He was, stalled sideways across the track.

"It's a toy that several race drivers endorsed," said Fireball. "I've only played with one of them. I raced Lorenzen on it, but he knew how, and I was just learning." Pressed, Fireball admitted with dignity that, no, he still was not the best man with the model cars. "His daddy can beat him," Pammie contributed helpfully.

One thing that ticks me about racing," Fireball went on later "is that some fan will come up after the race and say, 'Roberts, you bum, why did you bum up the car? You bum, I just blew \$5 on you.' And there I am, and I've just lost \$20,000.

"The length of time you can race varies quite a bit. On the average, a driver would be in his prime in his late 20s and early 30s. It takes about seven or eight years of competitive racing before you have the experience to be a good driver. You can't start racing in high school like you can play football. When I quit I'll want to stay with it in some connection—I like public relations work.

"There are a lot of superstitions in racing. The color green and peanuts are the two strongest ones in the United States. The way I was told, when I was a kid, was that two or three drivers got killed at Indy, and when they looked the cars over they found peanut hulls. Probably just somebody eating peanuts, but... Now, I personally like green. I've got a lot of green clothes, and I'd race a green car, but everybody would kid me so bad I just don't. Mine's lavender. Somebody at Holman-Moody wanted

something that would stand out." (Ralph Moody at Holman-Moody, apparently. "The Purple People-Eater! Gotta have something like that," Moody says bravely. Actually it is electric lavender.)

Fireball himself has had at least one attack of supersticiousness: it involved being kissed on race day.

"About that girl?" Fireball began the story a little reluctantly. "Well, it was a publicity stunt, a long time ago, on the dirt tracks. It was when I first started racing. I was a kid, a charger, and it was something new and different to put in the papers. So this girl—a pretty girl, she was a stunt pilot—came out and kissed me on the starting line, and I had a minor wreck. Well, the next time she kissed me again, to prove it wasn't a jinx, and I had a worse wreck. And then after that she kissed me twice and I flipped end over end about three times. So for about three years *nobody* kissed me, not even my wife on race morning." However, in 1959 a former Miss America, Mary Ann Mobley, sneaked up on the Fireball and kissed him on the cheek, whereupon he went out and won the Daytona 500.

"She's a real nice girl," Fireball says of Mary Ann. "You know, it's awful what they have to go through there in Atlantic City. It's a terrible strain on them. How they can be that poised at the end of it!" Champion Stock Car Racer Fireball Roberts paused, at a loss for a word to describe the raw courage of a Miss America.

A direct question will receive a direct and honest answer from Glenn Roberts, but he is nevertheless a very reserved man. Fireball has been called a loner, and it is not easy to get yourself called a loner in the circles in which he moves. "I asked a kid who raced stock cars why he did it," a novelist once said, "and he told me he liked the life. Apparently there are a lot of girls around, and he liked the idea of always being on the move and going out and getting drunk."

When Fireball is called a loner, even in this context, it is perhaps for a self-containment, almost an air of preoccupation, an air of running well within himself. He is distinguished by a competence that seems nearly absolute, and functions with a dispatch that makes his handling of a car so clean it is legendary, a dispatch that extends to his fingerprints, which are immaculate.

Fireball is even methodically aban-

doned. Two nights before a race in Charlotte last October he was quiet, drank his beer, smoked almost as many cigarettes as one humanly can, and confined his description of his feelings to "I feel pensive before a race." He proceeded to dinner and red wine, got into the whisky and graced a few of the racers' tributes with his presence. (It should be mentioned that stock car racing may have become big business, but certain of its folkways remain unchanged, and one of them consists of the direct, wholehearted, flat-out, simpliminded binge. "A perennial college weekend," one thinks as a glass wings past to shatter in the corner of the motel room, but college weekends have too much of pseudo-sophistication about them. Racers' parties have more the air of Roman orgies, if it is possible to imagine a Roman orgy punctuated with talk about fuel lines, engine blocks, exhaust pipes and gaskets. It should also be mentioned that Fireball—or "Fah-bawl, honey", as we say in these circumstances—is a man people listen to even at an orgy. And a man, moreover, who, good and drunk, can compose ribald linericks, which may scan imperfectly but are not without grace and devastating pertinence.)

On the night before the race Fireball went to bed and watched *Gummo*.

Fireball Roberts is a good businessman. "Roberts handles his money very carefully," a NASCAR official says. "Careful about his taxes, reports every little race we wouldn't have any record of." Fireball is kind to children. Fireball sits quietly on the fence before a race, big shoulders, long legs folded, easy; and when the race starts he drives "just settin' up there like he was drivin' down the street," as Ralph Moody says. "I love the life," Fireball claims, and it almost looks like it.

Fireball's got an ulcer, though. If you hader him, you can make him admit he's aware that his pursuit of freedom and his pleasure in being footloose are singularly systematic. "I suppose I have to be aware that I'm driven," he says, reluctantly. "But really—what I really like are the spontaneous things, the things that happen by accident—those are the things that are fun."

Well, perhaps you cannot make a system of things that happen by accident. Or perhaps it is just that Fireball Roberts is not uncomplicated, and Fireball Roberts is no child.

END

# BEST GIRL IN THE DOG SHOW

To get three best-in-show awards at the famed Westminster show, as Anne Hone Rogers has done, an expert dog handler must be part barber, part trainer, part nurse and part psychologist **by ROBERT H. BOYLE**

**T**o many Americans the animal commonly and mistakenly known as the "French" poodle is an object for tolerant, if not derisive, laughter. But to one American better equipped to know than most, the poodle is no more ridiculous than he is French. In fact, according to Miss Anne Hone Rogers, a no-nonsense girl who stands 6 feet 2 in her usually sneakered feet, the poodle, whether toy, miniature or standard, is perhaps the finest breed of dog extant. He is intel-

ligent, he is adaptable, he is a born showman, and his thick, curly hair is a continuing challenge to a dog handler's skill with scissors and clippers.

Miss Rogers is not only a professional dog handler—one of almost a thousand in the country—but one of the best in the field. She was the first woman professional ever to handle a best-in-show at the Westminster, and she is the only woman ever to win three best-in-shows at this World Series of show doggery.

All three were poodles. Next week, when Manhattan's Madison Square Garden echoes again to the yelps of the finest canines in the land, Miss Rogers will be there, handling some 25 dogs of sundry breeds, including some of the best poodles she has had. Should she happen to have a best-in-show among them—a prospect that is not too remote—Anne Rogers will have tied the alltime record of four Westminster winners.

"So what?" the unflinching might



comment: "What's so great about being on the other end of a leash while a beautiful dog walks around a ring showing off?" But, as Anne Rogers has often proved, merely showing a superb dog is not enough to win a prize.

"You can have the greatest dog in the world," she says, "but unless he goes into the ring and displays that greatness you might just as well have a plug." Anne Rogers can get the most out of a dog in the ring by using grooming, training and gamesmanship to offset what might be considered a deficiency in looks. As a case in point, take Ch. Wilber White Swan, a white toy poodle that gave Miss Rogers her first Westminster winner in 1956. "That dog," says one poodle breeder with edged finality, "was not that great." Under severe pressure even Miss Rogers will admit

that, while maybe Wilber was not exactly the greatest toy poodle ever seen in terms of breed standards, he was one tremendous showman. "Wilber had nights when he was great," she says, "and he was great in the Garden the night he won."

But what helped make him great was the manner in which Miss Rogers handled him before he even entered the ring. After Wilber won a heat in the toy group, she dispatched him to his bench in the Garden basement to await the best-in-show competition. A guard hovered over the bench, making certain that Wilber, an exuberant ham, did not put on a show for anyone who wandered by. "When Wilber entered the ring," Miss Rogers recalls, "he had all that spunk stored up in him until he was quivering like a faint hog." But the story does not end there. Wilber White Swan was one of six finalists to strut his stuff. The first was a boxer bitch, and as she pranced through her performance the crowd applauded wildly. Next came an English setter that cruised around the ring in splendid fashion, leg and tail feathers fluttering gloriously, as the Garden crowd screamed its approval. Wilber quivered all the more. "He thought," says Miss Rogers, "that the applause was for him." Then the judge pointed to Miss Rogers. As Wilber started off, he came to a gap in the ring rugs, ordinarily a formidable chasm for a dog as small as himself, but with absolute splendor and dash he leapt over it without breaking stride. The crowd cut loose with the kind of frenzied cheers, shouts and cries of joy that the Russian press reports as "a great commotion in the hall," and by the time Wilber had gaily finished his turn—and he insisted on covering just as much ground as the boxer and the setter—the overwhelmed judge took an almost perfunctory look at the last three competitors, then awarded self-confident Wilber the purple-and-gold ribbon. Hairs flew in ecstatic salute. "Wilber," recalls Miss Rogers of her megalomaniac champion, "always thought that he was a standard poodle and not a toy. He thought that he was a tremendous dog. He was absolutely fearless."

Anne Rogers' fondness for dogs, megalomaniac or otherwise, dates from her

earliest childhood. "She was surrounded by dogs from the time she was in a baby carriage," says her father, William Rogers, a retired Railway Express executive who lives with her in Mahopac, N.Y., 50 miles north of Manhattan. "I used to take her and four dogs, wire-haired terriers, for a walk, and you can imagine what a little I had." When the stock market crash wiped out the Rogers family investments Mr. Rogers went to work for Railway Express. Mrs. Rogers turned a lively interest in wire-haired terriers and English cockers to use by setting up a dog shop for Abercrombie & Fitch. Because times were rather tight and the Rogerses did not wish to impose a doggy life upon their daughter, they left her to live weekdays with her Home grandmother in Flushing on Long Island. But on weekends Anne and the dogs struck up a friendship that has never cooled. After putting in several years at Abercrombie's, Mrs. Rogers opened Dogs, Inc., a sort of canine boarding house and beauty parlor, in a brownstone on East 52nd Street, and daughter Anne was an enthralled visitor every Saturday and Sunday.

In time Anne became a child dog handler, but she was no prodigy. In fact, she never won so much as a junior showmanship competition. Nonetheless, it was dogs, dogs, dogs all the time. "In high school I was the dog lady," Miss Rogers recalls. "All my compositions and themes had to do with dogs. I was always drawing dogs. I very seldom entered into the outside activities that the other kids did." Upon graduation from high school in 1946, Miss Rogers, to the regret of her family, spurned two scholarships to join her mother at Dogs, Inc.

For the first three years life in the brownstone was far from exciting. Miss Rogers, in fact, led a dog's life. She was put in the basement of the establishment to comb, clip and scissor any dog that a passing customer brought in for the works. "I hated it," she says. "I begrudged every minute I spent on a customer's pet when I could have been working on a show dog. I just hated it!" But as much as Miss Rogers detested her spell in the basement, at 19, she now admits, a valuable apprenticeship.

In 1950 the brownstone burned down (fortunately no dogs were hurt), and Mrs. Rogers moved her kennel across the Hudson River to New City. She stayed there until neighbors complained

SCISSORS AND BOBBY PINS plus an important part in getting both a championship dog and its pretty handler ready for the coney ring.

Continued





ANNE ROGERS (CENTER) COMBINES HER SHOWMANSHIP WITH THAT OF CH. DIABLO OF SQUIRREL RUN AT THE 1962 WESTMINSTER

#### BEST GIRL . . .

about the harking. In 1954 she and her daughter took over a kennel in Mahopac. Before Mrs. Rogers died in 1960, she had the satisfaction of seeing her daughter move to the first rank among handlers. Anne Rogers began her rise with Highland Sand Magic Star, a miniature black poodle, in the early 1950s, and she capped it with the victory of Wilber White Swan at Westminster in 1956. She won again at Westminster with a miniature bitch named Ch. Fontclair Fesleon (Tina for short) in 1959 and again in 1961 with Ch. Cuppoquin Little Sister, a black toy bitch. Tina was, in Anne Rogers' opinion, the finest dog she has ever handled. As a matter of fact, she calls Tina "the best dog I've ever seen." Tina died a year ago, but Miss Rogers can still become emotional over her. "I don't know if you should ever show a dog that you feel so strongly about," she says. "Everything becomes a matter of life or death." Miss Rogers handled Tina in 68 shows, and in 58 of them Tina won at least a best-of-variety. She lost only 10 times, but every loss is etched, bitterly, in Miss Rogers' memory.

At Mahopac today Anne Rogers lives in a converted stone barn with her father, a friend, Joy Brewster, five house dogs, three cats and countless tropical fish. The kennels are out in back and, all told, they house 100 dogs. Customers pay a minimum of \$1.50 a day board for each dog and a fee of \$25 to \$35 every time the dog is entered in a show. Should the dog win a group competition, Miss

Rogers gets a bonus of \$50. If he takes a best-in-show she gets an added \$50. On the average, Miss Rogers attends 90 shows a year, ranging from Maine to Florida and as far west as Chicago. Much of the time she drives, frequently covering 3,000 miles a month in a 1959 International Harvester truck. To help her, she employs one full-time assistant, a young man named Richard Buer, a full-time kennel man and three part-time helpers.

Preparing a dog for the ring can be arduous, depending upon the breed. A chihuahua, for instance, is simplicity itself, but these tiny dogs are difficult to kennel because of their susceptibility to colds. On the other hand, a poodle or any of the terriers requires a great deal of painstaking effort. "It takes at least a year to get the main coat of a poodle into condition," says Miss Rogers. "Before the dog is shown for the first time you will have show-trimmed it three or four times to get the lines right." Even more taxing is a terrier, especially a large one like an Airedale or a standard Schnauzer. "The hair of a terrier," says Miss Rogers, "is not cut but plucked right out of the skin." Because of this, terrier handlers usually have very wide and calloused thumbs. "As the hair grows older, it is easy to pluck," says Miss Rogers, "but the dog's coat has to be timed, from the time when the hair is plucked to the time when the texture and length are just right for a show. It takes 13 weeks to get a dog like a Schnauzer ready for a show." Perhaps because of this, terriers are usually a very strong group in any

show. "Terrier men," says Miss Rogers, "simply won't spend time on a bad dog. But because of all the work, we don't have young handlers coming along. It was through the influence of the terrier people, my mother among them, that I got the perfectionist attitude in turning out poodles."

Mature show poodles get either one of two trims, the Continental or the English Saddle. In the Continental the poodle's handquaters are closely shaved and a rosette may be cut over each hipbone at the option of the owner. Each rear leg has a single bracelet from hock to heel. In the English Saddle trim a blanket of hair is left over the handquaters and there are two bracelets on each rear leg. The trims are believed to have originated when the poodle was first used as a retriever in its native Germany. The main coat kept the dog's heart and lungs warm in cold water while the cropped handquaters allowed him to swim without getting hogged down. "To look well in a Continental trim," says Miss Rogers, "the dog has to have almost perfect handquaters. The English Saddle trim is artificial. You can 'shape' the dog."

Shaping a dog to emphasize its strong points and minimize its weak points is one of the main arts of handling. If, say, a poodle has too long a back—i.e., if the distance from the shoulders to the tail is greater than that from the shoulders to the front feet—the dog is trimmed so that his main coat is brought back beyond the last rib to give the illusion of conforming to precise standard.

But mere tricks of coat cutting and

continued



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showmanship are only part of the game. A top handler like Anne Rogers must be a full-time dog psychologist to get the most out of some of her charges. Take her favorite Tina, for example. "Tina," says Miss Rogers, "had a bad habit of chewing pieces out of her coat. She'd wreck it overnight, and after she did this several times in the kennel—out of boredom, I suppose—we brought her into the house, where we could keep an eye on her. But then, as a result of living with people, she became blasé, and at a show in Philadelphia in December 1958, just two months before winning at the Garden, she became so plodding that she lost. I had to leave her to go to the Florida shows in January, but I left strict instructions that she be put back in the kennel. If she ruined her coat, too bad, but I wanted her to get her zip back and not be a spoiled baby. It worked. At Westminster she didn't chew her coat, and she did show like her old self as she came prancing, not plodding, into the ring."

The week before Westminster is always the most hectic time of the year at Miss Rogers' menage. This week friends from all over the country will be dropping by at Mahopac with their dogs, while everyone is tearing around getting ready for the Garden. Miss Rogers will be chain-smoking more than ever and snapping up every half-dollar she sees. Superstitious to an extreme, she regards half-dollars as lucky pieces, just as she does the dice which she sews to the end of every show lead. Among the potential Westminster winners thus protected against fate at the Garden this year will be a one-year-old named Karlina's Musical Rattler II, better known as Junior. ("What else?" says Miss Rogers.) Junior is Miss Rogers' very own dog and a splendid-looking animal but, unlike most of her favorites, he is not a poodle but a coonhound. And he is not a bit likely to make best-in-show. Junior's father, Ch. Karlina's Musical Rattler, holds the record at Westminster for most consecutive best-of-breed wins, and was never beaten anywhere by any other coonhound, but Junior—Miss Rogers confesses—is not quite the dog his father was. She is entering him in the show just the same. Why? "I always have a coonhound at the Westminster," says Anne Hone Rogers, a dog lady who believes in adding luck to good management. "It's a superstition." **END**



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## PEOPLE

It's all nonsense about golf carts lowering your scores, says Connecticut's Senator **Abraham Ribicoff**. "Carts hurry you up. Walking relaxes you," adds the 14-handicap regular at Burning Tree. By refusing to use a cart, a golfer keeps himself limber and has more time to think about his next shot and discuss it with his caddy. "There is no greater adviser on the game," said the Senator, with a shrewd look toward the bag-toting vote, "than a good caddy."

Setting a better example in gamesmanship than in good, clean sport, President **John Nason** of Minnesota's Carleton College was tossed out of a basketball game between sophomores and faculty for accumulating five fouls. But with an old Rhodes scholar's gift of gab, the proxy talked his way back in to score six points for the faculty in a 25-25 tie.

In the wake of a successful performance, any sports hero is likely to read that he could be elected President or may-

or or whatnot. This year, successful or not, the athletes are apparently beginning to believe it. Led by Oklahoma's famed football coach **Bud Wilkinson** (soon to declare for the U.S. Senate), they are dabbling in politics all over the place. Onetime Catcher **Mickey Owen** wants to be sheriff in Greene County, Mo. Heavyweight **Zora Folley** was defeated for councilman in Chandler, Ariz. **Jackie Robinson** is quitting his job as vice president of a restaurant chain to help nominate Rockefeller. And the former side center on the undefeated 1916 Maine State championship schoolgirls' basketball team (below, second from right) is running for President of the U.S. Her name: **Margaret Chase Smith**.

"I sold my last car some time ago," said Barbara Hutton Midvanti Haugwitz-Reventlow Grant Troubetsky Rubirosa von Cramm's son (by her second marriage) **Lance Reventlow**, confirming rumors that he has lost interest in auto racing. This new

apathy, however, does not include other sports. Newly divorced from starlet Jill St. John and waiting to marry starlet Cheryl Holdridge, the heir to Danish nobility and Woolworth profits keeps boredom at bay by ballooning, surfing, skiing, swimming, water skiing, polo and an occasional hill climb on a fast motor bike.

It may have been a "pleasant little trip" for 65-year-old Justice **William O. Douglas**, but for his bride, Joan, a novice at the rugged life, it was a hang-on-to-your-hat run that she will never forget. From dawn to sunset Douglas expertly maneuvered his tiny rubber raft down the white water of the Rio Grande and past the boulders that clog the 2,000-foot Mariscal Canyon gorge. "It was the thrill of a lifetime," said 23-year-old Joan Douglas with a gulp at the end of the ride. "I want to do more of this."

One entry failed to show up at the Palm Springs golf tournament because he preferred another sport. Amateur golfer **Frank Sinatra** sent word that he could not play in the 90-hole classic because of a broken hand. "Was the injury the result of the argument Frank had just after the Crosby?" Sinatra's manager was asked. "I don't know," came the answer. "Which hand was broken?" came the question. "If I know Frank," said the man who at least knows Frank's boxing style, "it was his right."

When the word got out that **Pierre Salinger** was going to Aspen for three days of skiing, reporters rushed to the Denver airport in shocked

disbelief. But the man who was once trapped into starting a 50-mile hike soon put them straight. He had no intention of taking his 200 pounds down any ski slope. "My wife is doing all the skiing," said portly Pierre, lighting up a cigar.

Six months after the trampoline accident that paralyzed him, onetime champion Pole Vaulter **Brian Sternberg's** determination to get well continues to amaze his doctors. "I have to hit them with a muscle before they'll admit I have it," he said, wiggling a toe last week. "I'm confident of complete recovery."

There is nothing of the let-'em-eat-cake attitude about Britain's aristocratic **Marquess of Bristol**, bristling appropriately at the objection of local townsmen to his projected million-pound yachting marina at Felixstowe, the kindly lord laid out £140 for a newspaper ad in which, "speaking as one who owns many thousands of acres," he defended the egalitarian principle that "the ordinary chap should be able to have places around Britain's coast where he can sail as easily as the rich."

People were what the famed Mayo Brothers of Rochester mostly cared about, but the taste of Mayo grandson Joseph runs more to animals. After a number of summers with the Ringling Brothers Circus and a number of winters studying animal husbandry at the University of Minnesota, **Joseph Mayo** is now on his way to the Nepalese jungles in search of the world's smallest pigs. Why? Presumably because they are there.





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## Stars don't reign, but confusion does

Arnie, Jack and Julie are around, yet in five weeks they have failed to win. The titles have gone instead to the likes of youthful Tommy, tiny Chi Chi and aging Art—and there are reasons why

The 1964 professional golf tour has completed what is becoming known as its California shakedown cruise, and just when it ought to be getting up steam like a formful *Queen Mary* it continues behaving like the Wallowing Window-Blind. Arnold Palmer is being penalized for hitting somebody else's golf ball. Jack Nicklaus is losing his own ball up a palm tree and calm Julius Boros is finishing a calm 20th or so. Such greats have been losers all year, and last week they stayed losers when Tommy Jacobs shot a seven-under-par 353 for 90 holes, and then won a sudden-death playoff against—gasp—Jimmy Demaret to take the Palm Springs Golf Classic and emerge as the fifth different champion on the five-week-old winter tour. He thus joined Paul Harney (Los Angeles Open), Art Wall (San Diego), Tony Lema (King Crosby) and Chi Chi Rodriguez (San Francisco). He also prompted a question. Is this the pattern for 1964?

The answer is both yes and no. There is little doubt, for instance, that last year's heroes are simply smoothing out their games before earnestly starting their annual assault on the big titles. Boros, who will be 44 in March, traditionally waits until the warmth of spring before stirring his lethargic bones with any real purpose. Never in his 15-year career has he won a tournament before May. Nicklaus, following a seven-week layoff, has had a hard time trying to recall how he used to swing a golf club, but he is beginning to remember. "I think I'm now capable of winning a tournament," he said at Palm Springs.

And Arnold Palmer? Well, Arnold Palmer, like a million other Americans, is struggling to give up smoking. At this game the world's greatest golfer is no better than anyone else.

"I don't want to make a fuss about it," says Palmer, trying hard not to make a fuss about it, "but this nonsmoking



LITTLE RODRIGUEZ HITS LIKE ONE OF THE BIG BOYS, AND HE JOKES LIKE ONE, TOO

thing has me all tightened up. It seems to be changing my whole system. I'm getting the yips in everything, but mostly on the putting green. I'll just have to stick it out until my system adjusts."

Palmer's father, Deacon Palmer, has long been after his son to stop smoking, but what triggered the latest withdrawal from tobacco was a sun's attack during the recent chilly, rainy week in San Francisco. Palmer had his sinuses drained, and the attending physician, Dr. William Taylor, made the usual suggestion.

"He told me to stop smoking," says Palmer. "I agreed to stop if he'd stop, too. He agreed and I said, 'O K, you've got yourself a game.'"

There is one thing that bothers Palmer more than nonsmoking, however, and that is notwinning. Last year he played in 20 tournaments and won seven, a rate of better than one in three. This year he has played in five, missing the cut at the Crosby, fumbling in untypical fashion an excellent chance to win at San Francisco and finishing a dismal 41st at Palm Springs. Palmer has tried to stop smoking before, and the experiment always ended the same way: one three-putt green too many and he was humming cigarettes until someone could run and fetch him a fresh pack of his own. He has now stopped for 11 days, while three-putting 11 greens.

Despite their poor records so far, Palmer, Nicklaus and Boros will be in sharp contention soon—and so will Gary Player, who is still at home in South Africa, where his wife recently gave birth to a baby girl.

The confusion emerging from the West Coast is, like an obscure Zen poem or a barking dog, trying to tell us something. It certainly has in the past. In 1959 Art Wall won the Bing Crosby in January and launched a year in which he also took the Masters and was the leading money winner. In 1960 Palmer started the year that finally established him as the best player of his day by winning the Palm Springs Classic with closing rounds of 66 and 65. In 1961 Bob Goalby and Gary Player, by winning at Los Angeles and San Francisco, supplied a forecast of the conquests that would soon fall to them. In 1962 Phil Rodgers, who would have been pro golf's rookie of the year but for the simultaneous debut of Jack Nicklaus, won at Los Angeles, and last year Palmer and Nicklaus opened their \$100,000-plus sea-

sons with victories at Los Angeles and Palm Springs.

There is every reason to believe that this winter's sojourn in California is revealing, too. L. A. Open Champion Harney, who was born in Worcester, Mass. 34 years ago, has chosen to retire with his wife and four children to the ordered life of a country club job in northern California and will play in only half a dozen 1964 events. He is one of golf's longest hitters, however, and in spite of a curtailed schedule last summer still managed to tie Palmer before losing a playoff at the \$100,000 Thunderbird Open. Then, a week later, he hooped the last hole to finish just one stroke back of Boros, Palmer and Jacky Cupit in the U. S. Open. He is capable of even more success this year.

Harney is long, but pound for yard the tour's longest hitter is Chi Chi Rodriguez, the 1,900-ounce, 5-foot-7 Puerto Rican who won at San Francisco. When Chi Chi first joined the pro tour in 1960, before he developed the nasty habit of outbating his bigger brethren, he used women's clubs and was something to see in action.

"I'll never forget him," says a touring caddy. "He wore a white shirt with big golf cuff links, a straw hat and loud brown shoes. When he swung he picked his club straight up like someone knocking apples out of a tree."

Today he uses men's clubs, dresses in more somber shades of brown and orange and swings like a man trying to hit a golf ball 320 yards, which he sometimes does. His new ability to hit consistently for distance is something Rodriguez stumbled on while practicing at home last winter. He calls it a "secret" and has bottled the ingredient in book form for sale at \$2 a copy starting in March. Chi Chi's ability to outbat players half a foot taller and 50 pounds heavier does not exactly endear him to his fellow pros. Neither does another more pukeish habit of Chi Chi's.

"How about that?" he will ask the gallery when he has unleashed a particularly resounding drive. "How about a little squirt like me outriving these big fellows?"

"The first time he pulled that routine on me," says one player, "I thought, 'It won't look so good if I flatten him right here, will it?' But I sure felt like it."

This tendency is one of the two things that may keep Chi Chi from being among

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## GOLF

the top 10 money winners this year, since there is an even chance he will be stuffed in an angry opponent's golf bag and tossed into a pond. The other is that Rodriguez probably will play in no more than 25 tournaments. Both his parents are dead, and the money he wins on the tour is going toward construction of a house near San Juan for the three sisters and two brothers he supports.

"I want to get home to the family," he says, "and watch our house going up." He can also use the time learning more fines, for he has a showman's sense of humor. "Do you want to see the fastest draw in the West?" he asked the press at San Francisco. Getting an affirmative nod, Chi Chi rose to his feet and took the stance of a gunslinger.



WINNER JACOBS CHANGED APPROACH

"Well," said a writer, "let's see it." "You mean you want me to do it again?" smirked Chi Chi.

While Harney and Rodriguez might be classified as surprise winners, Lema's victory in the Crosby was as predictable as the champagne that flowed at its conclusion. Last year Lema was intent on proving that his fast finish of 1962 was no mistake. He proved it. This year he has set his sights on a major championship, and he may well win one. Lema is an emotional jumping bean in a game that demands the temperament of a potato, but his Crosby victory has put him into a relaxed and confident frame of mind that not even his 13 on the last hole at Palm Springs can shatter. He is a long driver, a sharp wedge player and often a brilliant putter. These three ingredients mean to a golfer roughly what beans, talent and looks mean to an actress. They are not exactly handicaps.

Nor, in another sense, was Art Wall's first victory since 1960 much of a surprise. Remember Art Wall? Try. He was quickly forgotten after his 1959 Masters win, because Wall, unless he is winning tournaments, is hard to remember. Unlike Lema, Wall has never driven golf balls out of a hotel window. Unlike other touring pros, he never smokes or drinks or plays the trumpet or dances the twist. He is satisfied with chopped steak instead of filet mignon. He is most subdued and also most pleasant. This year he gives promise of again becoming one of the tour's most effective golfers.

"I'm not a great player," he says. "That's a category I reserve for Palmer and Boros and someday Nicklaus. But I'm a good one. I've had a back injury for the last few years that has constricted my swing. But now the back feels fine. I can take a full swing at the ball and I see no reason, if my health holds up, why I can't start playing well again." To judge by his showing in California this winter, Wall already has started.

Tommy Jacobs started when he was 16. That was in 1951 when he won the USGA Junior Championship and went to the semifinals of the national amateur. But then, in a sense, he stopped. He has always been a very competitive golfer, yet a conservative one. Last week at Palm Springs he changed tactics, and the change just might make Jacobs the player he promised to be 13 years ago.

"I have always pitty-patted the ball around the course," he explained. "It must have made anyone watching me feel sick, but that was all I felt capable of. Finally, I made up my mind to go for the pin all of the time, regardless. If you are playing good golf you have to take advantage of it. Now I am hitting the ball as confidently as I did when I was a kid."

He needed all the confidence he had on Sunday afternoon to outlast the most confusing circumstance of the entire 1964 tour: the performance of 53-year-old Jimmy Demaret. Pot-bellied, joyous Jimmy has been seen primarily in recent years in his senior statesman's role of a TV golf commentator. Indeed, he was supposed to have helped announce Sunday's play on TV, but it was Arnold Palmer who got handed the mike, while Jimmy puffed his splendid way into the playoff against Jacobs. Had Demaret not missed two 30-inch putts on the last four holes, he would have won. That is the part of the Zen poem that only a fool would attempt to explain. **END**

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## Sailing to victory with a needle and thread

**Ted Hood, whose 'Robin' took Class A in a race around Florida, is one skipper who makes his own sails and builds his own boats**

HUES Long's proud veteran *Ondine* was first over the line at the finish of last week's 403-mile race around Florida from St. Petersburg to Fort Lauderdale, a fact which surprised no one. But when the final arithmetic was done, *Ondine* played a poor second fiddle to two saucy newcomers, each designed and sailed by comparative youngsters. First overall on corrected time was R. C. Dungan's 38-foot *Solus*, the prototype of a new stock auxiliary (Columbia 40), which promises to add many bright feathers to the yachting cap of its designer, Charles Morgan. First in *Ondine's* own Class A was Ted Hood's equally new 47-foot yawl *Robin*, the latest of a long line of that name to be designed and sailed by one of the few (Charles Morgan is another) quadruple-threat men in international yacht racing.

"Sailmaking is my business. Yacht designing is my hobby," says 36-year-old Hood in a summary that leaves no classifications for boatbuilding and sailing, at which he is equally skilled. Sails by Ted Hood dressed, in part or completely, every contender—including the Australian—in the America's Cup campaign of two years ago, and a Ted Hood boat—*Neferiti*—was the surprise threat in the selection trials.

A quiet, unpretentious New Englander from Marblehead, Mass., whose family has lived near, by and for the sea for generations, Hood is unvaryingly phlegmatic in a sport distinguished by manic and depressive attitudes. At the start of last week's race, his crewmen somehow lost track of one of the vital warning guns, and *Robin's* skipper found himself far behind as the other boats slid

over the line. Most skippers would have turned their crews to salt with irreflexive, Hood slouched silently at the wheel, his eye fixed on the big genoa job, urging *Robin* up, inch by inch, on the boats she should have been leading. "If I'd been Ted," said one of *Robin's* admiring crewmen, "I'd have killed somebody."

A little while later *Robin*—safely past all but her biggest rivals—was moving toward the small sub-surface hills of sand and barge-dumped debris that dot Tampa Bay and are known as "spoilage areas." To put more pressure on the boats ahead, Hood decided to sail *Robin* across rather than around the almost-invisible mounds. The crew, still shaken over the fouled-up start, were shaken anew at this seeming foolhardiness. As anxious eyes watched the bottom rise and fall under *Robin's* keel on the dial of the electronic depth-finder, Skipper Hood issued an order that sounded almost like an afterthought. "Somebody stand by the centerboard," he murmured, "and get it up quick if we touch." But *Robin's* centerboard stayed clear of the bottom, and Hood, still intently watching the sails, threaded her smoothly out toward the Sunshine Skyway that bridges the mouth of Tampa Bay.

Ted Hood belongs to the water, and at times his large nose, inquisitive eyes and benign, placid expression give him rather the look of a porpoise in khaki pants and an out-at-elbows sweater. Like most top racing sailors he got his first boat—a dinghy—when he was young. But, unlike most of them, he designed and built it himself and even made the sails. "She was an 11-footer and had double spreaders just like a big boat," he recalls wistfully. Young Hood cut and recut the sails of that little boat until he had just the fit he wanted and, with only a few interruptions, he has been doing the same thing ever since.

After dropping out of high school to serve a hitch in the Navy, Hood went back to graduate and face the realities of the future. Should he spend his life aimlessly meandering around with boats and sails and getting nowhere? Or should he do something practical? Hood chose the practical course and spent a year studying business administration at a small New England college. Next he switched to Wentworth Institute for two more years to learn the building and housing



DESIGNER HOOD'S NEW YAWL "ROBIN" HEADS STIFFLY UPWIND OFF ST. PETERSBURG



business. But by the time he graduated he knew that houses were not for him—sails were.

Ted had spent all his vacation summers cutting sails and sewing them on a dilapidated machine, slowly but surely building himself a reputation as something of a genius among the Marblehead skippers whose sails he recut. When he finished Wentworth, he decided to expand his summer business into a full-time operation. He rented an old unheated loft belonging to a migratory sailmaker, laid newspapers on the floor so the sails would not get dirty and went on cutting and sewing. In that first year Ted Hood's gamble paid enough dividends to last him through the winter. A heated loft was available, so he rented it and carried on.

Business soon began to balloon as high as one of Hood's own beautifully shaped spinnakers and the Hood label became the hallmark of sailmaking quality. Hood sails blossomed on the best ocean racers, on champion 55s, on 210s and in every class that boasted sailwise skippers. Hood's success at making sails for bigger boats soon drove him out of his little loft.

"One reason I moved," he says, "was because every time I had to lay out a big sail I had to go out and rent the town hall. Finally people began to complain that I was using it too much. So I had to find a bigger loft of my own." Now he employs 64 people in a modern two-year-old loft, a boat yard and a weaving plant. Unlike many modern sailmakers, some of whom make their designs by computer, Ted Hood still believes that sailcutting is more art than science. He weaves his own Dacron sailcloth, a material even his competitors agree is the best there is. Most Dacron, when it rolls off the looms, is coated with an additive that supposedly stabilizes the slippery threads. Hood uses heat to set his fabric, and whereas other cloths tend to bag with use, Hood's sails seem to improve with age.

Hood's eye for a well-cut sail is matched by his eye for a well-turned hull. The first ocean racer built from Hood plans appeared in 1957 and immediately established herself as a threat. Hood began to get orders for boats as well as sails. But it was the 12-meter *Nefertiti* that spread Hood's name around the world. She was like no other

12 in history. Instead of minimum beam, which most designers favored, she was as wide as a barn door and in heavy winds went upwind as staunch and stiff as a church. When the wind died, however, so did *Nefertiti*—and the chance to defend in '62 Hood now thanks he knows how to correct her shortcomings. Meanwhile, his head is full of ideas for a brand-new 12.

Although Hood has designed many offshore racers and sailed them as well, his heart is really in round-the-buoys racing—the short events that can be completed in a single afternoon. "In ocean racing, the element of luck is too great," he says. "In the long-distance races you put all your eggs in one basket. Take the transatlantic race, for instance. You spend three weeks at it, then if something goes wrong the whole three weeks are shot. In round-the-buoys racing you spread the risks over a whole series. If you break down in one race, you make it up in another. Besides," he adds, looking at the matter from the point of view of a technician, "I think you learn more about boat speeds in round-the-buoys racing."

As Hood's newest *Robur* flew south in last week's race, there were no buoys in sight and no reliable index to her speed relative to the other boats other than the instinct of her skipper. But that instinct, as always, was sound. Given radar and other searching devices, the mark

at Rebecca Shoals would not be hard to find, but radar is illegal in ocean racing and, like all the other boats, *Robur* had to rely on her navigator (ocean-racing veteran Junius Beebe who doubled as cook and watch captain) to find the way.

As the distance shrank, everyone searched the sea for the elusive but vital mark. There were boats two miles on one side of *Robur*, boats two miles on the other, and with *Robur* in the middle the speculation was that either one of the groups might have already spotted the mark and were sailing for it. For the first time in the race, Hood looked anxious. If *Robur* were wide of Rebecca Shoals, it would mean precious minutes lost and, with them, the race. But the navigation was all but perfect. *Robur* was right, the other boats wrong. The spinnaker thrashed down, the penna up, as *Robur* turned the spidery steel marker and headed northward into the wind, bucking and pommeling in the short, steep seas.

In the evening *Robur* passed a white-hulled sloop whose crew was huddled on her weather rail, using their combined weight to help reduce her angle of heel and thereby give her more power. Every wave that the boat sliced into threw arcs of spray over the crew, and one of *Robur*'s hands, peering through the murk, observed smugly, "Look at those guys over there on her rail."



SKIPPER HOOD KEEPS A HAND ON THE WHEEL AND AN EYE ON THE SAILS HE MADE

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### BOATING

Hood laughed too, but pointedly. "Well," he said, "what are you waiting for?" And soon two of Robin's crew were camped on her rail, as bedraggled as their rivals.

Early on Monday morning the wind switched. The big boats in the vanguard, Robin included, now were overtaken by little boats which, because they were smaller and slower, had rounded the mark just in time to take advantage of the wind shift. They were simply blown up on the bigger, less fortunate, leaders.

Hood, although he guessed what might be happening, strolled about his boat, fussing with the centerboard (Robin has a trick centerboard that not only goes up and down but, by mighty pushing and pulling on a winch handle, moves backward and forward, too), trimming the mainsail and winching in impossible inches on the genoa sheet all by himself.

On Monday afternoon in the middle of the strong, flowing, tepid Gulf Stream, the favorable wind that had been filling the spinnaker since morning faded. A fear began to grow aboard Robin that the wind would die altogether before she could reach the finish line ahead of the little boats. But the breeze kept whispering and, as the lights of Miami Beach came on the end, at least for Robin, was a short 20 miles away.

A mile from the finish Hood was a hundred yards ahead of Robin and silhouetted by the lights of Fort Lauderdale. She poked little threat since her handicap would place her far back in the race, but watching her made it obvious that a rube was necessary if Robin was to fetch the line quickly. Jibing a big boat is a tricky job in daylight. At night it is a truly hairy maneuver, and for the first time voices were raised in earnest on Robin. "Let the sheet come forward," yelled a voice in the night. Then another voice joined in, then another. Another voice howled that the sheet had been let go. In a case like this usually the loudest complaints come from the skipper. Not aboard Robin. From Ted Hood came nothing but staccato silence and the mess was cleared up all the quicker.

The finish line safely crossed, Robin powered slowly into the neon-lit canals of Fort Lauderdale. There, for the first time, her crew and her skipper learned that they stood where Ted Hood often stands in racing circles—at the head of his class.

END



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The best half-miler in the world right now is a tall, bony Canadian named Bill Crothers, who wears glasses strapped to his head when he runs and who looks less like the best half-miler in the world than he does the man behind the counter of the corner drugstore. It is somehow comforting to realize that Crothers, a 23-year-old graduate of the University of Toronto, is indeed a pharmacist. He works in a drugstore in Markham, a suburb of Toronto. He fills prescriptions all day and after work drives several miles downtown to the university, where he spends a couple of hours each evening working out with fellow members of the East York Track Club.

The East York Track Club is a name that few people outside East York (another suburb of Toronto) ever heard much of until the last few years. Then a crack relay team, the youthful distance runner Bruce Kidd and Crothers began winning races with such consistency and in such fast times that "East York" became synonymous in track circles with "awfully good." Kidd created the biggest sensation in indoor track history in 1961 when, at the age of 17, he came from nowhere (Toronto readers will forgive this inelegant reference to their metropolis) to beat men five and ten years his senior at two and three miles. Kidd is 20 now and in his fourth season of big-time track. He has taken U.S. national championships at three and six miles home to Canada for safe-keeping, and the U.S. cross-country championship, too.

But, though Kidd is more famous, Crothers has become East York's best performer. Kidd has gone through a year or so of mental uncertainty, as far as his running is concerned, and has only just begun to regain his old toughness and confidence. He won the three-mile run decisively at the Millrose Games last week, trailing the lead runner until the last quarter mile and then sprinting strongly to win, but until that last long drive it sometimes seemed that Bruce might quit on himself.



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## Young druggist's sure Rx

**When he isn't busy at the pharmacy, Canadian half-miler Bill Crothers runs fast enough to win in any competition**

Crothers, on the other hand, appears never to have any doubts about his ability. At the Millrose Games, for example, he was in a harder race, one that turned out to be the fastest competitive half mile ever run indoors in America, and he had to cope with one of the best middle-distance runners in the world in Noel Carroll of Ireland. Yet he completely dominated the race. He stayed comfortably off the extremely fast pace set by Charley Buchta, who eventually finished third, but when Carroll jumped past him and took the lead away from Buchta, Crothers moved instantly, powered past the sprinting Irishman a lap from home in a sterling display of speed and strength and easily held his lead to the finish. He even used a bit of indoor-track gamesmanship, moving wide on the last turn to tempt Carroll into trying to pass him on the inside and then closing that gate as soon as Noel took the bait. Despite the record time (1:50

flat), Crothers was easing up as he approached the tape and afterwards looked about as exhausted as a druggist who has just sold a bottle of aspirin.

The ascendancy of Canadian track and field (Crothers, Kidd, Sprinter Harry Jerome and Shot-putter Dave Steen are all likely Olympic medalists, and so are a couple of girls) is especially remarkable when it is realized that there has been little intensified effort to develop and improve it. Schools and colleges do not play the important role in Canadian sport that their counterparts do in the U.S. Clubs—and not very prepossessing ones at that—are the backbone of track and field. It is with these organizations that collegiate runners get most of their competition. Crothers, for instance, was a member of the track team at the University of Toronto, but simultaneously he was a member of the East York team, and it has been for East York that he has run his important races.

And what is the East York club? It is simply a collection of runners who want to run (There are no field-event men in the club.) They have no building or permanent headquarters. They work out at a high school field in East York or at the University of Toronto. Members pay \$10 a year dues, from Crothers to the slowest distance man, and anyone who wants to can join. "Some clubs go after outstanding high school runners," Crothers says, "but we're not a recruiting club. Though, of course, good runners want to join us now, like Chris Williamson. Chris attends the University of New Brunswick, but he comes to Toronto in the summer to work so that he can run with us."

The runners elect their own officers. Crothers is currently president, and under him are vice-presidents in charge of obtaining uniforms, taking care of entries, collecting dues, keeping records of members' performances on the track, and so on. Fred Foot, who coaches the University of Toronto team, is the East York coach, too. Both jobs are avocations.

(continued)

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Foot earns about \$100 a year as the university's coach and nothing at all for coaching East York. In the U.S. a man can earn a comfortable living coaching track and field. In Canada he can gain a good deal of fun and satisfaction, but for bread he had better have a paying job, too. Foot is an accountant with the Metropolitan Toronto Police Department, and he works a full day. Last week, for instance, he left work late Thursday afternoon, flew to New York and got to Madison Square Garden for the Millrose Games after 8 o'clock in the evening, watched Crothers and Kidd win their races, caught a few hours' sleep, took a 7 a.m. flight back to Toronto and put in a day's work again on Friday.

Crothers' approach to running has the same casual, refreshingly amateur air. A few weeks ago he had to cancel out of the Los Angeles Invitational meet because he injured a knee playing ice hockey. American coaches and athletes were aghast at the idea of a runner of Crothers' class playing a game as rough and dangerous as hockey. Reports dripped down to the States from Canada that Crothers was a fanatic about the ice game and that this predilection had upset his coach no end.

"Oh, that's all out of proportion," Crothers said the other day. "I'm not a nut about hockey. I like it, but it's like baseball. Every boy in Canada grows up playing hockey. I was at a friend's house one Sunday afternoon, and a few of us went out on the ice and played a little game. That's all. You can't help falling down a few times. I hit my knee—I wasn't wearing knee pads—and it swelled a bit. A day or so later it was so stiff I could hardly walk on it. Fred thought I better scratch from the Los Angeles meet. It was nothing serious. It cleared up in a few days."

If this casual, amateur, pleasantly tough attitude appalls those American coaches who like to supervise every detail of an athlete's career, let them remember that most American runners who have seen New Zealand's Peter Snell in action think he is unbeatable, whereas Crothers, who has run against Snell three times at various distances, is convinced otherwise. "I can beat him," says this part-time hockey player in a quiet un-Cassius Claylike way. "I can beat him at 800 meters because I am faster than he is. I can stay with him and outstrip him. I know I can."

END

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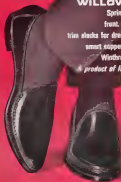
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# The four who baffled Liston

by Morton Sharnik

*Outlines in the background, Sonny Liston glowers down on a group of fighters who, when they met him, were not intimidated in the least. Here, from the left, are Marvin Marshall, Bart Whitehurst, Eddie Machen and Jim McCarter. They tell him they stood up to the heavyweight champion and how he can be beaten*

CONTINUED

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he public image of Sonny Liston verges on the indigestible. He is, depending upon the site and occasion, an uneducated boor, a semireconstructed no-account subject to instant relapse, a beast in beast's clothing. The tepid publicity campaign to pass off the heavyweight champion as a Good Humor man in disguise has fallen as flat as Floyd Patterson.

Liston the fighter is something else, however, and it has been a long time since a nearsighted manager kicked him off as "an ordinary pug with a big punch." Sonny Liston is a remarkable physical specimen, and seldom if ever has a fighter so dominated the sport by sheer muscular mass. His baleful, obsidian stare intimidates fighters, sportswriters and the occupants of the first 20 rows of any arena he enters. Though actually smaller than almost any professional football lineman, Liston seems gargantuan. His jab is fracturing and his hook is cold storage. He has become Super Sonny: faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a locomotive—and all the rest.

What one sometimes forgets is that a large part of the Liston legend is built upon his last three fights, fights that were spread out over a three-year period and lasted exactly six minutes and four seconds. In less than a round Liston twice knocked out Patterson, the weak-chinned former champion, and humiliated an inept German, Albert (Quickfall) Westphal. But before that Sonny Liston sometimes had more than a little trouble defeating fighters whose names were hardly household words. Even in their own households.

There was, for example, Eddie Machen, who went 12 rounds to a decision, taunting Liston all the way. Bert Whitehurst twice lasted 10 rounds to decisions. Mike DeJohn staggered Liston, and later, when the fight was stopped, DeJohn had to be restrained from going after Liston once again. Zora Folley had Liston cowering and covering from a volley of combinations. Cleveland Williams all but knocked Liston out. Lumbering Howard King went right rounds with Liston, standing toe to toe, swapping punches all the way. Marty Marshall broke Liston's jaw and beat him. In a rematch Marshall knocked Liston down. In a third fight Marshall hurt Liston, by Sonny's own admission, and went 10 rounds before losing the decision. Rotund Willi Besmanoff slipped Liston's jab and lasted seven rounds. Jimmy McCarter, who beat Liston in an AAU championship bout, later stood up to him defiantly in training camp.

Some of these fights were long ago, and Liston has improved; perhaps none of the fighters could do as well against Liston today, although at least four are eager to try. But their success and their tactics indicate how Liston can be beaten by a strong, courageous man.

The pertinent experiences are those of McCarter, White-

*continued*



*Whitehurst was hit hard when he stepped back, but soon learned to move to safety inside Liston's massive arms. With his chin tucked in and his forehead pressed against Liston's chest, Whitehurst drove force combinations to the body.*



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## Liston *continued*

hurst, Marshall and, to a lesser extent, Machen. These four developed individual styles for fighting Sonny. Machen stayed away and kept Liston lunging and missing, although he was never in danger of winning the fight, since he seldom bothered to risk a punch of his own. Marshall did everything that was unexpected, and Liston, a predictable fighter, found the unpredictable Marshall beyond his ken. After three fights he was still frustrated by Marshall's style. Whitehurst, a thick-bodied, heavily muscled man, moved in and out, kept Liston busy and smothered his power. McCarter, a former college football player at the University of Washington, was the equal of Liston in bulk and strength. He stayed inside and traded punches. He was too big for Liston to throw around, and his body blows hurt the future champ.

These four men followed the old hustler's maxim: never play the other man's game. They fought the fight best suited to their individual styles—not Liston's.

Whitehurst is now a science teacher in the New York City public school system and is planning to finish his master's degree in biology at CCNY. He has the hunky build of a college lineman—which he was at Morgan State—and the agility of a high jumper (he jumped 6 feet 3 while in college), but his comparatively short arms made it difficult for him to fight Liston outside. They fought for the first time in St. Louis on April 3, 1958, and Whitehurst tried to counter Liston's jab and failed. "Every time Liston stuck out his left in the first round," Whitehurst says, "it was as if he held a stick in his hand and the stick was telling me to stand back."

Trainer Charlie Brown told Whitehurst to slip the jab, to take a quick step inside and throw his own left hand. The result was a revelation. In the hollow of Liston's powerful arms, Whitehurst fought from what appeared to be a squat—with his body erect and his knees flexed, his head snug against Liston's chest. There he stayed, battering Liston's body. When Sonny tried to break away, Whitehurst tied him up.

"After three or four rounds of this," recalls Whitehurst, "Sonny's belly began to get the message, but he couldn't escape and he couldn't retaliate. He was furious." In the fifth round Whitehurst violated his instructions: he stepped back. Liston hurt him with a glancing left. Charging in, Liston followed with a right, but Whitehurst ducked the punch, came up and hit Liston with a left to the body and a right to the jaw. The flurry startled the rushing Sonny. Hurt, he covered up. Whitehurst had learned his lesson, but so had Liston, and Sonny thereafter refused to force the fight. For the next five rounds he warily tried to prevent Whitehurst from getting inside. He succeeded well enough with this new task to win a close decision.

"In our second fight [St. Louis, Oct. 24, 1958] my manager, George Gainford, told me to stay outside," Whitehurst recalls. "For six rounds I took a good beating. The crowd yelled, 'Run, Whitehurst, run,' and I ran and I ran until I ran out of gas. Exhausted, I moved inside. It was like

*continued*

being in the eye of a hurricane. On the outside it was hell, but in close it was calm and I was safe.

"If I had listened to Charlie Brown," he continued, "I might have beaten Liston. Then I might have been . . . but that's an old story. Liston's an excellent fighter. A mean fighter. But if I could get another shot at him I'd quit teaching and give up studying, go into training and fight him winner-take-all. And, believe me, I wouldn't do all that unless I was convinced I could beat him."

For two years Jimmy McCarter was a starting tackle and a fullback at Washington. The bullying tactics he learned from line play and the easy head and shoulder fakes practiced by backs stood him in good stead as a fighter. Mc-

be raw meat for his bloody appetite. I protected myself. I fought like I did in the amateurs, only I was better. Willie Reddish [Sonny's trainer] had been working with me, and Liston resented this. Willie was forced to stop, but by then I had learned more than I had in my entire career."

McCarter did more than annoy Liston—he infuriated him. Fighting on top of Liston, McCarter was too big for Sonny to move, to set up. When he tried to push McCarter off, the burly college boy pulled back and often gave better than he got. In close, McCarter kept hammering at Liston's body. "Sonny likes to talk about training," he says, "but he's lazy. He doesn't like to do roadwork. And he does not like to be hit in the gut." When Liston managed to get clear, McCarter says, he timed the jab and beat Sonny to the punch. Every punch McCarter threw was a counter to Sonny's lead.

"The right hand was the one I waited for," says McCarter. "Liston throws the right with a lot of body behind it so that when he misses he is off balance. The momentum pitches him forward."

McCarter rolled away from the right and, as Liston lunged forward, he chopped back with his own right hand. In a money match this would have made Liston cautious, but in training it made him mad. Shoving and bullying were, always, Liston's final resort.

McCarter's last session with Liston was on a day when a group of sportswriters was in camp. Anxious to show off, Sonny quickly used up his meager supply of sparring partners by knocking one out and breaking the rib of another. He was forced to use McCarter. For the better part of three rounds McCarter stayed on top of Liston, punching him in the belly. At times McCarter would step back, giving Liston punching space. Instead of getting killed, however, McCarter either slipped the jab or rolled with the punch and chopped back with a rapid combination.

In the face of such insubordination Liston began to maul and shove. McCarter mauled and shoved right back. Liston tried to throw McCarter out of the ring, but McCarter held on and both men flew into the ropes. The sparring session came to an abrupt end—and so did McCarter's career as a Liston sparring mate. He had made the No. 1 heavyweight contender look bad by refusing to play straight man and passively accept his lumps. Instead, he exposed the flaw that Whitehurst had found: Liston's power can be neutralized by fighting in close.

McCarter, then a schoolteacher in Wilmington, Del., was so encouraged by his Sonny-doesn't-scare-me showing in the Liston camp that he quit teaching and as now training to return to the ring. "Who knows?" he says. "Maybe one day Sonny will have to try me again."

When Eddie Machen fought Liston on Sept. 7, 1960 in Seattle, Machen appeared to be running for his life. If this was his only intention, Machen succeeded admirably. He was on his feet as the 12-round bout ended. Machen claims he fought Liston with only one arm, that he had hurt his



*McCarter, a big man, matched his strength with Liston's. But he also was clever. At the last possible second, he pivoted away from Sonny's long right. Then, like a swinging door, McCarter rode his own right to the jaw of an off-balance Liston.*

Carter beat Liston in the quarter-finals of the 1953 National AAU Championship in Boston. Ancient history? Too far back to be pertinent? Well, McCarter proved the value of his style a year and a half ago while working with Liston at Sonny's training camp before his first title bout with Floyd Patterson.

"It was funny," McCarter says wryly. "Liston just didn't remember fighting me in the AAU tournament. He didn't remember losing, either. Even though it was in the record books. But from the moment I arrived in camp up in South Fallsburg, [N.Y.] last spring, I seemed to be the butt of all of Sonny's jokes. If someone had a question, Sonny would say, 'Ask college boy, he knows all the answers.' After we began to spar, he liked me even less.

"One day after we had worked out, Sonny woke me up by cocking a gun at my head and firing a blank. I guess I annoyed him. He was murdering all the sparring partners in camp except me. This he didn't like. I wasn't about to

right shoulder sparring with Willi Besmanoff a week before the fight. "I needed the money, so I fought him anyway," Machen says. He also says he might easily have won had he punched more, or at all. His excuse is not important but the strategy he developed is.

From the opening bell, Machen retreated, forcing Liston to move and turn, never presenting an open target. It was not a wild, fearful panic; it was clever and effective. And as he moved, Machen taunted Liston. "C'mon, Big Punch," he said. "C'mon, show me that big, terrible punch." Furious, Liston took off in pursuit, swinging wildly.

Machen's tactics of changing directions—in and out, side to side—forced Liston to reset himself constantly, and he



*Machen's strategy was to hit in close and then run. When cornered, however, he tied Liston up by grabbing him in the crook of each arm, his own forearms inside Liston's, applying pressure to the outside. Liston could not retreat.*

was seldom in position to punch effectively. When Liston caught him on the ropes, Machen moved inside and tied him up. "When you are on the ropes and he is alongside of you, that's when you're in trouble," says Machen. "If you stand back from him, it's his meat. He says Cleveland Williams is the toughest guy he ever fought. That's a laugh. Williams laid back and got smacked. Patterson did the same thing. Patterson was a changed fighter when he fought Sonny. He used to move a lot, but against Liston there was no action from the waist down. He tried to bob and weave standing flat-footed, and that's silly.

"Liston," continues Machen, "is not the smartest guy in the world. He moves like a train—one track all the time. When he finds a sitting duck like Patterson, or a Williams, he knocks them off the track. I think of my fight with him and I know I can beat him. He jabs, puts everything behind it—then he drops his left hand. No man can get away with that forever."

Machen has fought infrequently since the Liston bout. Once the No. 1 contender, he suffered a mental breakdown a little more than a year ago. Recovered, he is now back fighting and after four knockout victories is hopeful of a rematch.

"I can see myself now," Machen says. "I'd wait for that left, and then I'd counter, either under or over or both. I'd bring my right in under his heart, and then I would come over with a hook. Maybe the first volley wouldn't dent him but I'd keep it up until he began to grunt or back off. Liston can be beaten, and I'm the guy who can beat him."

Sonny Liston is a proud man with a sense of history. He would like to be remembered as boxing's greatest heavyweight. It irritates him that his professional record is not perfect, that he was beaten by Marty Marshall. "That cat," says Sonny, "started hollering and whooping and I got to laughing. Then, boom! he caught me with my mouth open, and bam! he broke my jaw." Sonny's attempt to characterize Marshall as a clown and the defeat as a fluke is widely circulated and generally accepted—but not by people who saw the fight, and certainly not by Marty Marshall.

This is part of the *Detroit Free Press* account of the Marshall-Liston fight of Sept. 8, 1954: "Marshall, who fights from an extremely unorthodox style which finds him as a right-hander one minute and a southpaw the next, confused Liston through most of the bout.

"As the fight wore on, Liston became more and more disturbed by his inability to catch up with the ever-moving Marshall and the *Detroiter* took the play from him through the final three rounds to clinch his triumph.

"Liston suffered a possible fractured jaw in the fourth round."

Marshall was no clown. He was a very clever fighter who later that year knocked out Bob Satterfield and was ranked nationally. But all the more galling for Liston was the fact that Marshall was a blown-up light heavyweight, an after-hours fighter, a ring moonlighter with nine children and a fulltime job with the Acme Quality Paint Co. Inc. that he has held for 13 years.

Invariably, Marshall agreed to fights on short notice, taking off from work only the day of the fight and then reporting for work the morning after. Marshall accepted the second Liston match three days before the fight. For the third, he had six days' notice. "That's how Marty kept his budget going," says Al De Napoli, Marshall's manager. "I never wanted him to take those quick fights, but he insisted. Six days before the Harold Johnson-Liston match [Pittsburgh, March 6, 1956], Johnson comes up with a shoulder injury. Liston is without an opponent, and the fight is off, unless they can come up with a substitute."

"They offered me \$750 to fill in," says Marshall, "but I said no. The minute they upped it to a thousand I went into training." When Marshall signed to meet Liston for the first fight, he knew nothing about Sonny except that here was a big, powerful heavyweight who outweighed him

*continued*

by 25 pounds. "Sonny didn't know nothing about scaring people then," says Marshall, "but he was trying. We got to the middle of the ring and Sonny grabs my hand and puts his other hand on my head, pulling my head down. He was smiling all the time, as if to say, 'Too bad, little boy, but I'm going to demolish you.'"

It was Liston who was almost demolished. In the course of the fight, Marshall couldn't remember being touched by a jab at all. "It is a strong punch, all right," he recollected, "but it's so long that it is easy to slip. It was the right hand that I remember—if I didn't remember, my stomach would. He always keeps the right cocked, so whenever I'd slip the jab I'd keep thinking, here comes the right, and I was prepared." Most of the time Marshall chose to parry the left and counter. If he slipped the jab, he went to the outside, away from Liston's right-hand power, (Patterson, on the other hand, twice slipped jabs to the inside, then was clubbed by right hands.)

Marshall gave Liston plenty to puzzle over. He was never idle. He faked and moved and varied the sequence of his punches, much the way Jersey Joe Walcott did in 1947 when he almost took the title from Joe Louis. (Liston's



*Marshall, comparatively small but the only man to beat Liston, inflicted heavy damage in three fights by slipping Sonny's left jab, blocking the right with his elbow, then moving in with a right to the unprotected heart or over the arm to the jaw.*

stalking style is, in fact, reminiscent of Louis', and Marshall, with his skittering, crablike mannerisms, is not unlike Walcott.) He wheeled his hands up and down in an attitude of careless defense, but one hand was always up to protect his head, and if he threw the left he brought the right over to cover.

His punches rained on Liston from every angle. Sometimes he brought the first down in what he calls his "hammer punch," other times he used an up jab. The jab was just flicked out, merely intending to touch Liston, "to keep nagging him." In the fourth round Marshall suddenly

changed direction, began to move around Liston counterclockwise, all the while feinting right-hand leads. Liston had just adjusted his body position when Marshall switched direction again, and in the same motion threw an open glove right in front of Sonny's eyes. Behind it rode the left, and this was the punch that broke Sonny's jaw.

"But I never knew he was hurt," says Marshall. "You hit him with your Sunday punch but he don't grunt, groan, flinch or blink. He don't do nothing; he just keeps coming on. He's discouraging that way. After the fight Liston came back to my dressing room. I noticed he was holding his jaw funny, but he didn't say nothing about it. All he says is: 'You fight good. I'd like to get you again.' I told him, 'Anytime.'"

The second fight, April 21, 1955 in St. Louis, agreed to by Marshall on three days' notice, followed much the same pattern but turned out differently. The referee stopped it in the sixth round when Marshall was knocked down for the fourth time. In the fifth round, however, Marshall slipped a Liston jab to the outside and crossed a right to Sonny's jaw, à la Max Schmeling when he knocked Louis down in 1936. The result was the same. Liston went down. Unlike Louis, he got up. Marshall foolishly tried for a knockout and was knocked down himself. The experience was not entirely useless. When Liston charged in for the knockout, Marshall threw up his left arm as a shield, crouching as he did to put his head into Liston's chest. The left arm knocked Liston's jab off course and blocked his right hand. It also had the appearance of a punch, and Liston pulled up his hands to defend.

"When we met in Pittsburgh for the third fight, I was able to score with a variation of this same trick," Marshall says. Then, as Liston got off his jab, Marshall jabbed. Expecting a counter, Liston pulled up the right and at the same time Marshall dropped down, stepped in and landed a solid right under Liston's heart.

The third fight again proved the effectiveness of keeping Liston moving and turning, never allowing him to get set. On several occasions Marshall spun Liston around and ended up behind him. Once, in the middle rounds, Marshall was hurt by a right hand to the body, but he used Liston's dodge—never let on you're hurt—and snarled and feinted an uppercut. Liston backed off, but ultimately won the decision.

After the fight Liston once more showed up in Marshall's dressing room. "You know," he said, "you almost had me in the seventh round."

"I'd like to fight him again," says Marshall. "Sure, he's improved, but he doesn't punch any harder and he still throws the same punches. The big difference in Sonny Liston now is in his confidence. Now he's like a general in the ring. He gives the orders—but his opponents can have something to do with this. I know if he was in there with me he'd be more respectful. I'd tap him on the chin and remind him of that broken jaw."



## YESTERDAY

# A Rough Time on the Road

Eddie Shore of the Boston Bruins made it to the game the hard way after missing the team train to Montreal by STAN FISCHLER

On January 2, 1929 the Boston Bruins took the night train to Montreal for a National Hockey League game with the Montreal Maroons the following evening. As the Pullman slowly rolled away from the platform, Boston Manager Art Ross walked through the sleeping car, counting his players. When Ross reached the last berth he realized that one of them—All-Star Defenseman Eddie Shore—was missing.

"Mr. Ross didn't know it," said Shore recently, "but I was running down the station platform trying to jump on the last car of the train. I didn't make it and had just missed the train because my taxi had been tied up in a traffic accident coming across town."

Shore was determined to reach Montreal in time for the game, however. The Bruins already were shorthanded because of injuries, and Shore was well aware of the \$500 fine Ross levied against any player who missed a road-trip train. He first checked the train schedules and found that the next express wouldn't reach Montreal until after game time. He tried the airlines and was told all plane service had been canceled because of a sleet storm. He then decided to rent an automobile but changed his mind when a wealthy friend offered him his limousine and a chauffeur.

At 11:30 p.m. Shore and the chauffeur headed north on a 350-mile trip over icy, snow-blocked New England mountains. It was sleeting and there were no paved superhighways, no road patrols, no sanders.

The chauffeur drove through the storm at three miles an hour. "I was not happy at the rate he was traveling," says Shore, "and I told him so. He apologized and said he didn't have chains and didn't like driving in the winter. The poor fellow urged me to turn back to Boston."

At that point the car skidded to the lip of a ditch. Shore took over at the wheel and drove to an all-night service station, where he had tire chains put

on. By then the sleet storm had thickened into a blizzard. Snow caked either side of the long windshield wiper, and within minutes the wiper blade froze solid to the glass. "I couldn't see out the window," says Shore, "so I removed the top half of the windshield."

His face was exposed to the blasts of the icy wind and snow but he still managed to see the road. At about 5 a.m., in the mountains of New Hampshire, "we began losing traction. The tire chains had worn out."

Slowly, Shore circled the car around a bend in the road where he could see the lights of a construction camp flickering. He awakened a gas station attendant there, installed a new set of chains and waded on. "We skidded off the road four times," he says, "but each time we managed to get the car back on the highway again."

The second pair of chains fell off at 3 the next afternoon. This time Shore stopped the car and ordered the chauffeur to take over the wheel. "I felt that a short nap would put me in good shape," he says. "All I asked of the driver was that he go at least 12 miles an hour and stay in the middle of the road."

But the moment Shore dozed off, the chauffeur lost control of the big car and it crashed into a deep ditch. Neither Shore nor the chauffeur nor the car suffered any damage, so Shore hiked a mile to a farmhouse for help. "I paid \$8 for a team of horses," says Shore, "harnessed the horses and pulled the car out of the ditch. We weren't too far from Montreal and I thought we'd make it in time if I could keep the car on the road."

He did and at 5:30 p.m. Shore drove up to The Windsor hotel, the Bruins' headquarters. He staggered into the lobby and nearly collapsed. "He was in no condition for hockey," says Ross. "His eyes were bloodshot, his face frostbitten and windburned, his fingers bent and set like claws after gripping the steering wheel so long. And he couldn't walk straight. I figure his legs were almost

continued



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paralyzed from hitting the brake and clutch."

Nevertheless Shore ate a steak dinner, his first real meal in 24 hours, and refused the coach's orders to go to sleep. "I was tired all right," Shore says, "but I thought a 20- or 30-minute nap would be enough, then I'd be set to play."

An hour later Dit Clapper and Cooney Weiland of the Bruins entered Shore's room and shook him gently. Nothing happened. They rolled him over the bed and onto the floor. Still nothing happened. Weiland filled several glasses with water and poured them over Shore's face. This time he woke up and immediately insisted on playing.

Ross didn't want him to. "I knew how durable he was," the coach says, "but there's a limit to human endurance. I finally decided to let him get on the ice, but at the first sign of weakness or sleep-walking I'd send him to the dressing room. I had to worry about him being groggy. What if he got hit hard and wound up badly hurt?"

The game was rough and fast. The powerful Maroons penetrated Boston's defense often, but Shore always helped repulse them. Once he smashed Hoolley Smith to the ice with a vicious body check and drew the game's first penalty. Ross considered benching him at this point, but changed his mind. When the penalty had elapsed, Shore jumped on the ice and appeared stronger than ever. Shortly before the halfway point in the second period he skated behind his net to retrieve the puck. He faked one Montreal player, picked up speed at center ice and swerved to the left when he reached the Maroons' blue line. He sped around the last defenseman and shot. "I would say I was 15 feet out to the left," he says. "I can remember exactly how my shot went. It was low, about six inches off the ice, and went hard into the right corner of the net." The time of the goal was 8:20 of the second period. The Bruins led 1-0.

Shore still showed no signs of his ordeal during the third period (he had another two-minute penalty), and almost 24 hours after he had chased the train down the North Station platform the final buzzer sounded. Apart from the two penalties, Shore had played the entire game without relief and, what's more, had scored the only goal of the game. Coach Ross never fined him for missing the train.

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# Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

## THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. VILLANOVA (18-1)  
2. ST. BONAVENTURE (10-3) 3. PROVIDENCE (10-3)

Nobody has ever been more perplexed by NYU's failure to overwhelm its opponents than Coach Lou Rossini. He has been pilloried, hanged in effigy and blamed for almost everything, including Barry Kramer's ailing ankle. But last week there seemed to be some hope for his free-lancing super-shooters. Kramer was still shooting fitfully, but Happy Hairston got help from Stan McKenzie and Ray Bennett as NYU bombed Santa Clara 79-64 and escaped from Army's bruising defense to beat the Cadets 88-66.

Except for VILLANOVA's multitalented stars, who rolled blithely over American U 84-49 and Detroit 79-70 (see page 26), and PROVIDENCE, which skamped past Creighton 80-77, Santa Clara 82-71 and Rhode Island 83-76 (for its ninth in a row), the teams in the East looked like a potpourri of mediocrity. ST. BONAVENTURE, thrashed by DETROIT 111-81 in the Midwest, trounced Santa Clara 75-54 in Buffalo. St. Joseph's, upset by Penn 66-51, was thumped soundly by LA SALLE 80-70. PRINCETON's Bill Bradley was held to four field goals by Penn's aggressive defense, but the Tigers won anyway, 85-57, to share the Ivy League lead with Cornell.

But ST. JOHN'S Joe Lapchick, who has not had many cheery moments this year, was pleased with his young Redmen. Attacking patiently, defending stubbornly and even fighting off a late press, they upset Creighton 64-60 and beat Niagara 83-67.

## THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. DAVIDSON (16-1)  
2. KENTUCKY (12-2) 3. VANDERBILT (10-2)

Just when it looked as if Davidson would get a chance to protect its unbeaten record in an extra period, WEST VIRGINIA's Marty Lenz let fly with "sort of an underhand turnabout shot" from 45 feet. The desperation heave appeared to be short as the buzzer sounded. But Davidson's 6-foot-9 Fred Hetzel leaped up over the rim, came down clutching the ball and got hit with a grunting call for his totally unnecessary foul. That cost Davidson the game, 75-73. Said Hetzel plaintively, "If I had it to do over again, I'd never have left my feet."

But Hetzel, like the good center he is, did get off his feet often enough to stuff in 36 points as vengeful DAVIDSON poured it on poor VMI 129-91. West Virginia, however, was coming on in the Southern Conference. The Mountaineers also beat Virginia Tech 81-73 to take second place.

There was room at the top for almost anyone in the unpredictable Southeastern Conference. First Georgia Tech, then Tennessee and Vanderbilt were knocked out of the lead, leaving KENTUCKY in a first-place tie with LSU, a most unlikely preseason candidate. TENNESSEE knocked off Georgia Tech 83-63 but lost to GEORGIA 79-67, and all three were tied for second. Vanderbilt was surprised by ALABAMA, 81-63. Kentucky, meanwhile, put down Florida 77-72, and LSU slipped past Mississippi State 87-71 and Mississippi 77-67.

DUKE had no problems, temporarily, in the ACC. The Blue Devils easily beat South Carolina 80-67 and, just to show off their scoring muscles, whopped Navy 121-65.

## THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. MICHIGAN (16-1)  
2. WISCONSIN (10-3) 3. IOWA (14-3)

Michigan's Bloody Nose Lane must have seemed like a good path to Ohio State's Gary Braddis after he survived a savage blood-letting at MICHIGAN STATE. Braddis put away 48 points and then totted up his assorted miseries: a three-stitch cut over his left eye, blackened right eye, bruised nose, head injury and a 102-99 defeat for the Bucks. "That," said Braddis, "has to be the roughest game I ever played in."

But Michigan State's bruisers were never in the game when they played MICHIGAN. Fancy Carme Russell and Bill Humin led the Spartans a merry chase and beat them handily, 95-79. ILLINOIS stayed in the Big Ten race by edging Northwestern 73-71.

WISCONSIN, like almost everybody else these days, took Cincinnati in the Missouri Valley. The Shockers rattled in eight points in the last two minutes to win 62-59. Then TULSA pounded Cincy 74-58 for the Beavers' fifth straight loss. DRAKE rallied to beat Bradley 63-61 while ST. LOUIS edged North Texas State 57-55 on sub Bob Clark's foul shots. OKLAHOMA STATE sailed on in the Big Eight, beating Iowa State 67-53.

LOUISIANA beat Dayton 70-56, then, with Vic Rouse back to help with the rebounding and scoring, bludgeoned Western Michigan 101-64 and Iowa 85-71. But DePaul's unbeaten record went down the drain. Without injured Emmette Bryant to control the offense, the Demons lost to LOUISVILLE 83-79.

## THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. TEXAS WESTERN (17-0)  
2. HOUSTON (12-2) 3. TEXAS A&M (10-2)

HOUSTON Coach Guy Lewis does not consider himself an innovator in basketball, but

he raised a few eyebrows when he had seven of his players hypnotized before the game with Texas A&M (see page 8). They responded nobly, trimming the more conventional Aggies 73-65 for their eighth straight. But two nights later, with their psyches unprotected, the Cougars lost to NORTH TEXAS STATE 66-65.

Happily for TEXAS A&M, Rice did not resort to scientific federalism—only some misguided strategy. The Owls rigged their defenses to stop A&M's Bennie Lenois and forgot about 6-foot-8 sophomore John Beavly. Shooting mostly from the corner, Beavly put in 22 points, and the Aggies won 74-70 to hold the Southwest Conference lead. A&M had plenty of challengers but, oddly enough, defending champion Texas was not among them. The Longhorns lost their third game, to TEXAS TECH 94-90, putting the Raiders in a second-place tie with SMU, which beat TCU 79-69, and ARKANSAS, a 74-70 winner over Baylor.

ARIZONA STATE, a disappointment all year, suddenly stopped playing giveaway, began shooting judiciously and rebounding purposefully, and broke Texas Western's 16-game winning streak, 58-56.

## THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. UCLA (17-8)  
2. OREGON STATE (10-2) 3. UTAH (17-0)

There was just no stopping UCLA, the nation's only remaining major unbeaten team. After a two-week layoff for exams, the quick-wick Bruins took on one of their cheery kid brothers—California at Santa Barbara—and they rarely looked sharper. Trecky Walt Hazard dazzled the over-matched Grizzlies with sleight-of-hand passes, Gail Goodrich shot superbly from outside (for 21 and 31 points) and UCLA romped, 107-76 and 87-59.

OREGON STATE, while not quite so devastating, was almost as hard to contain. Seattle, figuring that no matter what it did it could not hope to stop the Beavers' 7-foot Mel Counts, decided to concentrate on OSU's backcourt, Frank Peters and Jim Jarvis. It was a futile gesture. Counts, as expected, roamed inside for 31 points, but Peters shot for 21, Jarvis for 18 and Oregon State won 85-79. The next night Washington tried a sagging defense against the eager Beavers. It sagged in too many places. Counts slipped away for 28 points, and the Huskies succumbed, 67-59.

The last time UTAH played Utah State the Redskins ganged up on the Aggies' big front line and got killed by their free-throwing guards. Last Saturday Coach Jack Gardner put his team into a strict man-to-man, and Utah State's guards got only six points. Utah set up deep picks for little Doug Moxey, and he gratefully obliged with 28 points. When the frustrated Aggies moved out to get Moxey, Skip Kroecker darted through for layups and little left-handed jumpers, and Utah won, 79-67.

END



# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## TARNISHED MEDALS

Sirs: Your articles on the Winter Olympics (Jan. 27) would be interesting were it not for the implication between the lines. We gather that Austria will dominate the Alpine events because her skiing is "highly-organized." West Germany and France will win the figure-skating events because a plane crash killed the real champs. Further, we gather that the U.S. will not win a gold medal in the luge events because there are no courses or more than two sleds in the U.S. And this is not all. We will fail to win at hockey because our altruistic ideals of amateurism won't allow us to hold anything but the "true" amateur.

In other words, were it not for several annoying little facts, the U.S. would win most of the gold medals going. Our athletes are generally admired by other nations for both ability and charm but, above all, they are now respected because of their new sense of sportsmanship. They are poorly honored by a press that explains their failures in terms of how we could have won "if only."

PAUL R. CLARKE

North Andover, Mass.

Sirs:

Congratulations on the fine article about Bill Reichert, captain of the Olympic hockey team (4 *Questions of Honor*, Jan. 27). Being from Rochester myself and an avid hockey fan, I have watched Bill play quite a bit during the regular season, and he gives the area fans some very fine hockey. My hat goes off to him and the rest of the Olympians who are representing the U.S. this year.

ROBERT H. SUTTS

Rochester, Minn.

## TRAINING GAMES

Sirs:

In response to Mr. Peter A. Dornbrook's letter (19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE, Jan. 27) expressing his unhappiness over the Olympic Committee's new track-and-field selection system and my opinion concerning this situation (19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE, Jan. 26), I would like to make a few last comments.

First, as Mr. Dornbrook stated, the Olympic champions at Tokyo will be decided on the merits of their performance alone. Once our athletes arrive in Japan there will be no turning back. This is why it is absolutely imperative that we make every possible method to insure that only our finest and most qualified trackmen make that trip. The Olympic Games are far too important for us to use them as training grounds for giving some flash-in-the-pan neophyte experience.

Second, whether we like it or not, nationalism plays an integral and important part

in the Olympic Games. We cannot afford to come out second best at Tokyo.

Finally, we live in the 20th century, not in ancient Greece. Our past reliance upon "the tradition of the ancient Greeks" and other similar archaic practices is one of the main reasons why our position as the world's top track-and-field power today is seriously threatened. It's about time we discontinued our strict adherence to the outdated and ineffective methods of yesterday and looked to the future instead of the past.

DAVID HOWERS

Oxford, Ohio

## BY THE NUMBERS

Sirs:

Three cheers for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*! It's about time somebody recognized what a great basketball team Michigan has. John Underwood wrote an excellent article about the Wolverines, *Don't Blindly Not Love*, Jan. 27. He told of their superb starting five, Cantrell, Russell, Binnin, Trengeman, and Darden, and their great coach, Dave Strack. But, what he didn't mention, is something essential to a championship team: a strong bench. Versatile Cazzie Russell can play any position, and many of the "bench warmers" at Michigan would be starters at other schools in the country. Also, the Wolverines won't just be a "one-year" team. Four of the five starters and most of the benchmen are juniors and sophomores. With a team like that, how can Michigan do anything but win the Big Ten (and maybe the NCAA) championships for the next few years?

RON RYAN

Glenview, Ill.

Sirs,

I enjoyed your fine article on Michigan's current team. I know they are rightfully proud of their current record of 15 wins and 1 loss. But at no time did Underwood mention the team that handed them their lone loss, the UCLA Bruins. Coach John Wooden's "press" team, and the No. 1 team in the country.

E. W. PRASE

Los Angeles

Sirs:

You have to admit that UCLA's Walt Hazzard and Gail Goodrich make up the best guard combination in college basketball, with Hazzard being one of the best all-around players you'll ever see.

MIKE ROHRM

Apple Valley, Calif.

Sirs:

Picking Davidson as the best in the South was very foolish. Kentucky should be No. 1 in the South, followed by Vanderbilt and

then Davidson. Kentucky is a much stronger team than Davidson, even though the Wildcats are biting Kentucky's heels.

GROVER DEWITT

Louisville

Sirs:

Your excellent coverage of Davidson's Wildcats has shown me that your magazine is No. 1—just as are the Wildcats. While most everyone else disregarded Davidson College completely, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* quickly ranked them among the elite teams of the country and gave them public exposure. At the end of the season, the Wildcats will make you look even better by being the nation's No. 1 team!

BUSCAR GORDMAN

Berklin, N.C.

## THAT GIRL

Sirs:

One look at the cover of your January 20 issue and we could feel the clouds break up over New Haven.

Thank you for reviving, for a few moments, both the Caribbean Sea and our otherwise lifeless lives with that unbelievably "shoe" girl in the white bathing suit. Since the issue arrived here the snow has melted, the street has stopped for as much as an hour at a time and even the ground is beginning to thaw in some places.

FRANK BRENNER

TERRY HARRISON

New Haven, Conn.

Sirs:

I must admit that the cover of your Jan. 20 issue is just about the prettiest that you could possibly have, as are the related pictures. But such pictures do not stimulate my thinking about what is usually considered legitimate sports.

You may think that such pictures sell more copies, but I do not believe they do. I am sure that they detract from the merits of your work for serious sports fans. I most certainly do not want such pictures coming into my home for my young teenage son to oggle, much less myself. Think of the thousands of other youngsters around the country that you people are influencing, and don't do this just for what may be financial gain. Please leave that to the pulp magazines!

W. FRANK CASTON

Columbia, S.C.

## EAGLES AND EGGSHELLS

Sirs:

After telling you what I thought of Dr. Kearns's eggshell plaster-of-paris coating of Dempsey's wraps, I was sure that I could wait for the next issue about Mickey Walker. Trouble is, I only got as far as the page 6

(continued)

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED,  
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## 16TH HOLE *Continued*

article on the bald eagle (Sportsman, Jan. 20). You tell Ranger W. E. Hoff to come up here in the fall. If he counted only 352 eagles, and this is supposed to be one-fourth of the eagles in the West, then you are counting Alaska out of the western part of the U.S. The famous Chilkat River valley in our area, which borders the Haines highway leading into the Yukon, has a convention of eagles numbering into the thousands. Now, I'm not giving you the Doc Kearns treatment. I have personally counted around 500 in a few miles. There have been several official investigations about the eagles, and the Department of the Interior can give you the dope thereon.

Now, to confuse you more, there are about 5,000 more Eagles than this in southeast Alaska, meaning that about half of the Indians up here are in the Eagle phratry while the other 5,000 are Ravens, of which I am one. I could carve you a totem pole to explain it more fully, as that is our business. Come see us at the World's Fair in New York at the Alaska Exhibit. We will be carving a 40-footer (or larger) there.

CARL W. HITSCHLER

Port Chilkoot-Haines, Alaska

## SHOTGUN TACTICS

Sirs:

As a charter subscriber and a shotgunner for 30-odd years, I take the liberty of disagreeing with Mr. Harold R. Reed (19th Hole, Jan. 27) that "the smaller the shot pattern the better the shooter it takes to bring down the game."

The gauge, or bore size, of a shotgun does not determine the size of the pattern. The degree or amount of choke does that. A full-choke .410 bore and a full-choke 12-gauge will put the same percentage (about 70%) of the load in a 30-inch circle at 40 yards. The maximum spread or width of the pattern will also be approximately the same.

The smaller gun and smaller load will, of course, put numerically fewer pellets in the circle. That's the only reason the heavier loads have a longer effective range.

Mr. Reed's misunderstanding is quite a common one, comparable to the belief that the longer the shotgun barrel the longer its effective range.

D. L. FRY

Monroeville, Ohio

## NO WAY OUT

Sirs:

Congratulations and appreciation for your fine reporting of Bobby Fischer's phenomenal triumph in the U.S. Chess Championship (Jan. 13).

Some day, perhaps when Bobby becomes world champion by wrestling that crown away from the Russians (as we American chess players fondly hope), it would be pleasant to think of him becoming Sports-

man of the Year. For a chess player to attain this honor is not unknown, at least in Europe, for only last year Paul Keres was so distinguished by Estonia, even though he did not become world champion. The honor was nonetheless richly deserved and, I feel certain, popularly received.

GENE SOBCEK

Bremerton, Wash.

Sirs:

No one can deny the mastery of chess as displayed by Bobby Fischer, but I believe that in the third game Robert Byrne's resignation was premature since he is one major piece to the good and may have a way out.

CHARLES E. BARK

Jackson Heights, N.Y.



● Presumably Robert Byrne (White) did not think so. In this astounding position (see board above) the threat of moves 22... Q-R6ch and 23 K-N1, BxNch (forcing the White Queen to abandon defense of the K2 square) cannot be met adequately. Byrne probably resigned after he had checked out the following variation:

White	Black
Q-KB2	22 Q-R6ch
K-N1	23 R-K8ch
R-R	24 BxN
R-K3	25 BxR
N-Q5	26 BxN

White is mated on the following move. Another defensive try is 22 K-N1, Q-R6; 23 N(3)-N5, but 23... B-KR3 wins the White Queen because of the threat of ... B-K6ch.—ED.

## SUNSHINE

Sirs:

After reading the letters from several of your readers re the advisability of playing the championship game of the NFL in some neutral city in the South, I've come up with what seems to me a brilliant idea. Why not play the final round of the Crosby golf tournament in warm, beautiful Miami? After watching the final at Pebble Beach last Sunday and other Crosby finals on that same course in past years with the players being buffeted by rain and wind, I think lovely Florida would be just the spot for that final.

CLARENCE E. KOHLER

Delray Beach, Fla.



#### Mint On-the-Rocks

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